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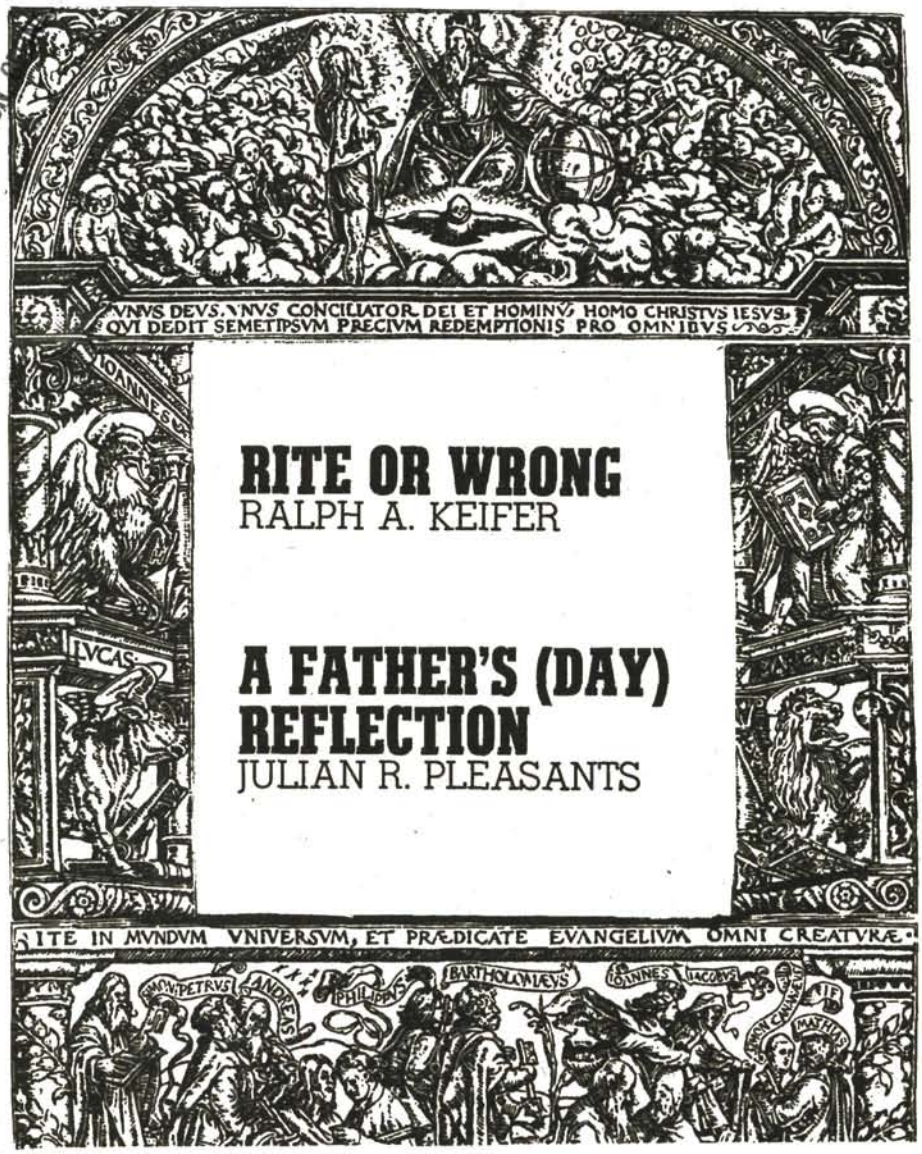

RITE OR WRONG
RALPH A. KEIFER

A FATHER'S (DAY) REFLECTION
JULIAN R. PLEASANTS

ABIGAIL McCARTHY
SISYPHUS
EDWARD J. WALSH
VIVIAN MERCIER
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NEWS & VIEWS

Auden & Dorothy Day

Under the title "The Poet and the Pauper," Dorothy Day details for Harvard folks the happy intervention of W.H. Auden in the history of the Catholic Worker House in New York City. That story—no secret before now, but frequently garbled in the retelling—appears in a special issue of *The Harvard Advocate* devoted to Auden. Dorothy Day's reflection picks up:

"There were recurring crises in the life of the Catholic Worker and one of the worst occurred when we had a visitation from the building department of New York City, pointing out all the fire regulations and violations we had at our house on Chrystie Street. We are an unincorporated group with a changing leadership, what with young people getting married or going off to monasteries or finding their vocation was nursing or law. We knew nothing about land trusts then, and besides, buildings were not land exactly, and we had not thought of or been advised about holding corporations to be administered by such an unincorporated group called The Catholic Workers, who were doing the work and could make decisions about the property. So our house of hospitality was held in the name of various individuals. Tom Sullivan had gone away to a Trappist monastery and Charles McCormack had gotten married and it was my turn to hold the property in my name, so I got the summons and was sentenced as a slum landlord and fined $250.

"Then occurred my next meeting with Auden. He had seen a story in the *Times* of my sentencing, and hastened down to the office to my aid —early in the morning before I had set out for the courthouse to pay my fine or go to jail. I was in a state of confusion and did not know what to do.

"Our house at that time was at 223 Chrystie Street, just below Houston, a fine, old, double house which had been a settlement house before we acquired it. Just under the front entrance, a crowd of men gathered each morning after the coffee line was over to wait for clothes, and one detached himself from that little crowd and pressed a bit of paper into my hand, hastening away. I myself was in a state of distraction, and only heard his murmured words, 'towards your fine'—so distracted, in fact, that I mistook Auden for one of the needy men.

"I was late and hastened to the subway, only opening later the slip of paper, to find he had given me $250, and the signature on the check was W.H. Auden. The story was syndicated and helped bring in the $28,000 necessary to get rid of all the violations. By rescinding the fine, the judge added Auden's money to our building fund."

That special issue of *The Harvard Advocate* is edited by Gilbert A. Kerr, one of last June's graduates, and features appreciations by Robert Fitzgerald, William Meredith, Hannah Arendt, Phyllis McGinley, Horace Gregory, Tennessee Williams, among others. There is also a 1953 interview, previously unpublished, with Auden, conducted by Walter Kerr, the editor's father.

Copies of the issue are available for $2 from *The Harvard Advocate*, 21 South Street, Cambridge, Mass., 02138.

Nobel Nominees

Nobel Peace Prize nominations perhaps don't mean much when, for instance, someone like Senator Scott can seriously propose the name of Richard Nixon, as happened in 1971, 1972.

Still, there are some interesting nominations for this year's prize—and all, we might say, more worthwhile than Senator Scott's.

Pakistani Catholics have proposed the name of Mother Teresa of Calcutta, the 64-year-old Albanian nun famed for her work among the world's poor and outcasts.

The American Friends Service Committee (Quaker) has entered the names of Dom Helder Camara, the Brazilian archbishop who is a leading advocate of nonviolent social change, and of Cesar Chavez, president of the United Farmworkers of America, AFL-CIO. Chavez is cited for championing the principle of nonviolence as he carries on his organizing activities in the grape- and lettuce-growing regions of California.

Catalan Catholics, meanwhile, have advanced the name of Father Luis Maria Xirinacs, the controversial cleric who refuses the monthly salary paid priests by the Spanish government and who seems to be in jail as often as not on charges of "subversiveness." He recently staged a 30-day hunger strike in a demand for amnesty for all political prisoners.

There's no odds-on nominee for this year's Nobel Peace Prize, and most of those groups that are interested in the decision would undoubtedly settle now for a choice that reflected humanitarian priorities. One would expect they would be able to presume such a focus, but unfortunately, it can't be done. The Kissinger-Le Doc Tho award of 1973 still sticks in craws, and, as the AFSC has noted, that wasn't the first time that a questionable award was made by the Nobel committee under the heading of "peace."

Odds and Ends

In Case You Missed It Department:

—Maurice H. Stans, former Cabinet member and chief fund-raiser for the Nixon '72 campaign, has billed the 1972 Campaign Liquidation Trust $18,600 ($30 per hour for 620 hours) for time he claims he spent in connection with the prosecution of the Watergate cases. He has also asked the Trust to pay the $5,000 fine he was assessed after pleading guilty to five fund-raising violations.

—The U.S. Interior Department has reestimated the nation's undiscovered, recoverable oil reserves. In the early '60s, estimates ranged from 400 billion to 590 billion barrels. Last year, it was 200 billion to 400 billion barrels, quite a drop. Now it is down to 50 billion to 127 billion barrels. Which is not very much oil. Further, the higher figure represents only 5 percent probability.

—There is no vegetable garden on the White House grounds this summer, as many expected there would be what with President Ford running around last fall urging "WIN gardens" as inflation beaters. There is, however, that new $52,000 swimming pool, allegedly built at no expense to the public, since the funds came from private donations. But, of course, it did cost the public. The White House, it turns out, is part of the national park system; and, conveniently there's a National Park Foundation. Contributions towards the pool were channeled through it, and became tax deductible.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Talking Turkey

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Demetrios Politis' letter to the Editor in the July 4th issue is interesting because it asserts a commonly held view as to the ego destructiveness of Kissinger in matters of state. I, therefore, would like to offer some relevant facts in the Cyprus matter.

Foreign policy decisions on the Cyprus crisis involve more than simply Henry Kissinger's reputation or ego. Two critical items that cannot be overlooked in the apparent inability of the U.S. to mediate the Cyprus crisis are: 1) The Mutual Balanced Forces Reduction talks between the USSR and U.S. are now in progress, having begun in 1973. These MBFR negotiations are aimed at the phased withdrawals of U.S. and Soviet troops from European nations. If Turkey withdraws her bases from NATO, it would mean that the U.S. negotiators would have little to trade. The U.S. negotiating team needs the Turkish bases for trading from a position of strength; 2) U.S. Signal Intelligence stations in Turkey are under a lease. These S.I. bases monitor valuable Soviet telecommunications, aircraft messages, and satellite information. Should the U.S. take a strong pro-Greek position on the Cyprus problem, Turkey would probably cancel these leases. Top priority goes to U.S. interests whenever the State Dept. considers Cyprus. Since Congress and the State Dept. disagree on our Turkish policy, perhaps a wider split will result here.

CHARLOTTE FINKENTHAL
Baruch College

Women-Priests

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: The interest of *Commonweal* during the past year in the ordination of women is laudable, the latest example of which is Sister Donnelly's article [June 20], "Women-

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TOWARDS 1976

In the summer of '75, the lineup takes partial shape for the presidential race of '76. Gerald Ford has made official what had become ludicrously unofficial: he will be a candidate for election to the office he holds by sheer accident. Almost simultaneously, former Governor Ronald Reagan of California has given his go-ahead to a committee "to explore and possibly organize" his candidacy for the presidency. If, between now and convention-time, Ford falls on his face as figuratively as he sometimes does literally, Reagan will presumably formalize his entry into the race. The Republican party will thus offer its members a choice between a McKinley conservative and a California reactionary, with the likelihood that McKinleyism will be blessed at the Republican National Convention. This means that Ford will be the standard-bearer.

Four additional years of Gerald Ford is nothing to regard sanguinely. The warnings are in his every utterance and in almost everything he does, most notably his 36 vetoes. Among other measures, Ford has vetoed a farm bill, an attempt to provide public-service jobs, a housing provision, curbs on strip mining and, most recently, a health-care appropriation that, as one Congressman noted, amounted to no more than the cost of one Trident submarine. Fortunately, the latter veto was overridden by the Congress and there will be money after all for new programs on rape prevention, migrant worker health centers, the treatment of hemophilia and the education of nurses. But no new pattern has been set. The future promises more Ford vetoes of progressive, humanitarian legislation, with many of them being sustained—and more politics of privilege. The poor and the deprived of American society do not fare well in the Ford philosophical framework, but the investment community does and so does corporate America, for such is the Ford orientation and the disposition of his administration.

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Seldom in the history of the country has the political challenge been more clearly defined—or been greater—for an opposition party. Yet the Democratic party stumbles blithely along without decisive leadership and, more's the pity, without substantive program of its own. The evidence of its inertia and current ineptitude is not only in its inability this late in the competition to raise up a truly impressive single presidential candidate, much less a promising slate of aspirants, but also in its ongoing inability to produce programs of remedy for critical public issues, such as the energy problem—despite what seemed an open invitation from the White House many months ago to come up with answers that were beyond the administration.

Perhaps there is time for a party as struggling and uninspired as the Democrat party presently is to recover itself and make a real contest of the upcoming presidential election. But one is not reassured by the manner in which the Democrats are proceeding. When one reads, for instance, that the presidential stock of Hubert Humphrey is rising in the party, one wonders where Democratic eyes are trained. There is much to be admired about Senator Humphrey, and he is a valuable person to have back in the Senate. But there is a kind of William Jennings Bryan quality to the talk that projects him as the party's nominee. The party, in a word, needs new faces fully as much as it needs new ideas.

What's to be done? The Democrats can dally longer and nurture the hope that if the situation gets totally bleak Senator Edward Kennedy will fish their fat from the fire by accepting the presidential nomination, something he would apparently prefer to defer to 1980. Or, they can undertake a crash program of ideas and launch a talent search that extended beyond the usual precincts —particularly political ones. There may be precedent, but there is no sacred rule that a presidential nominee must come from the Senate or a governor's office. If there are not other reservoirs, not just the party but the country is in a bad way. One thing is certain: If the Democrats stick with their politics of reaction and wheel out old political war-horses, they can kiss the '76 presidential election goodbye.

WASHINGTON REPORT

GOING HOME

There's all sorts of ways to figure out what's going on politically in the country these days. There're the professional documents of the "think-tanks," such as the Brookings Institution or the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. There're the voluminous books written by political "scientists" (God rest Euclid and Galileo). There're the occasional interviews with everyday Americans that appear in the newspapers. There're the Gallup and Harris polls. The editorial pages and syndicated columns have an attraction out of habit primarily to those aging who seek re-enforcement of opinions formed before this age of anxiety. For those who prefer to be lectured at, there're the Sunday sermons in the churches and on television. And there're the more digestible, off-the-cuff pieces by the Jimmy Breslins of newspapering—street-corner seers barred from the athenaeums of America, where men in high places, and a few selected women, gather for extended weekend intellectual introspection.

However, an insider in his craft has occasionally a thing or two worth sharing. And on the day before Independence Day last month, an elected politician, somewhat obscure except to his constituents, a majority of whom has elected him to Congress six times, spoke his mind. The words were those of Representative Hungate, Democrat, who was last seen nationally by grateful Americans as he and his colleagues on the Judiciary Committee last summer successfully stated the case for the ouster of Nixon from the presidency. Hungate's Ninth Missouri Congressional District includes Mark Twain's country, and Hungate, with an unruly shock of white hair, appropriately intersperses a little Hannibal humor into the most serious of his congressional pronouncements. Not to put a gloss on it, Hungate, Harvard law degree and all, is not at age 52 the brightest or ablest or most influential man in either the Missouri delegation or in the House of Representatives, where he sits. But he's noticeably above average —the conscientious, strong B-average American who helps get things done in the public and private institutions of our land. Like most of us, he's replaceable, but he's served well in the House and his type is needed in more, not in fewer, numbers.

Bill Hungate announced July 3 that he was going to chuck his House seat and return to Pike County, Missouri, to finish out his working years in the practice of the law. He announced his retirement without self-pity or bitterness. With humor, he wished the House and his successor well. But his reasons for retiring, given little attention in the press, are disquieting. One hopes that the Hungates of the country are being drawn to public service, not discouraged. But . . .

"An office-holder," Hungate said in a statement, "must continually ask himself if he is serving the public

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interest to the best of his ability." Public service, he said, must consequently be a "passion." If not, a public official denies his constituents his full potential.

"I have gradually become aware that my enthusiasm for public service has been waning under the weight of my frustrated hopes," Hungate continued, "others' unreasonable pressures, and the job's persistent demands."

And so Hungate thought and thought about it and polled the "four senior members of Hungate and Hungate" and decided to break camp when the 94th Congress concludes late next year. A finishing chapter that began as a result of three ambitions he had as a child—to be President of the U.S., to pitch for the Chicago Cubs and to sing like Bradley Kincaid. Ultimately, Hungate settled for a seat in the House of Representatives consistent with others in Pike County, Missouri, who "love and understand politics as a fish understands swimming."

As Hungate relates it, he figured that one term (two years) in the House would be sufficient to implement his Vietnam policy and his proposals for reform of the Code of Military Justice. But, as others in Congress have found, he found himself a "very junior partner in a large firm." He decided to take another term, and another term and another . . . Sufficient seniority brought him a Judiciary Committee subcommittee chairmanship (on criminal justice). But the "system" soon made it clear that only chairmanship of the full Judiciary Committee would give him the latitude he would need to bring his legislative ideas in bill form before the House of Representatives. All the while, Hungate relates, he compared being in public life with being in a hammock—"it's hard to get into, and perhaps equally hard to get out of."

While in the hammock, Hungate said he found that the years eroded his tolerance, his stamina, his patience. Criticism began to hurt; heavy demands from constituents, once accepted, began to provoke him into annoyance. He also found that not only had his duties become burdensome but also Americans' dissatisfaction with the Congress grew and grew and grew beyond the point of being rational.

Hungate came to acknowledge that he was no longer willing to abide by Jefferson's dictum: "When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself public property."

A case may be made that more members of Congress should act as Hungate is—refusing to stay on after the sap stops running. But apparently it was an unfortunate event that provided the decisive push in his decision to leave.

That event was the Nixon conspiracy against representative government, the "Watergate" affair.

As a result, Hungate appropriately said, "in the last decade, politics has gone from the age of 'Camelot,' when all things were possible, to the age of 'Watergate,' when all things are suspect."

Others in the Congress feel as depressed over the backlash of "Watergate" as Hungate does. Yet some will stay; others, along with United States Representative William Leonard Hungate (D-Missouri), will also serve notices of retirement. May their successors be those who will join in helping to sharpen our national convictions, preserve the battle for survival of personal liberty over the demands of the State, and fuel our hopes, not our fears for America. The tide is running against parliamentary institutions which so far have occupied only an inch of time in world history.

SISYPHUS

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MILESTONE IN CALIFORNIA

FARMWORKERS AND THEIR ELECTIONS

After many decades of violence, strikes, injunctions, lawsuits, boycotts and rhetoric, California's farmworkers will finally have a say on union representation vis-à-vis their grower employers. Just when most observers were predicting another year of non-legislation and harvest strife, the new governor, Jerry Brown, engineered a compromise farm labor bill which catapulted him into the national spotlight. To paraphrase the song, however, it's a long, long way from the legislation of May to the year's final harvests in December, with many difficult problems awaiting Brown's yet-to-be-appointed five-person Agricultural Labor Relations Board.

The most important aspect of the new legislation is its shift of considerable power from the growers to the farmworkers. Until now, for example, the preferences of the growers have determined whether their workers belonged to the Teamsters, United Farm Workers (UFW), or no union at all. If the boycott worried the grower more than the alleged radicalism of the UFW, then he signed with that union, but his neighbor might well be under a Teamster contract because of an inverted priority listing. A third grower in the same general area might still be holding out against any form of unionism. Suddenly the farmworkers are no longer merely a piece of the grower's property, and all parties are courting their votes.

Cesar Chavez, for example, has turned his personal attention from the boycott to a 1,000-mile walk through farming communities of California, talking with farmworkers and warning them against deceptions of the

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growers and Teamsters in the coming elections. The Teamsters, never ones to get too involved with the farmworkers themselves, are renegotiating expiring contracts with more concern for the seasonal farmworkers who have until now been ignored by that union but who will determine most elections. Some growers are making wages and working conditions as attractive as possible for their workers, hoping the majority will vote "no union" in any election.

Approximately 80 percent of California's farmworkers are Mexican nationals, another 10 percent are Mexican-Americans, and the final 10 percent are "Miscellaneous" (including Filipinos, Portuguese, Hindustani, Arabs, Blacks and Anglos). Estimates of the total number of farmworkers in California range from 200,000 to 300,000, but even such ballpark figures are suspect because of the highly mobile labor force, intentional deception by growers employing illegal aliens, and multiple identities used by many farmworkers for tax evasion purposes.

Given the above confusion, it is obvious that scientific estimates of voting outcomes are impossible, but enough evidence is available to hazard some predictions. The UFW is strongly preferred by the majority of farmworkers in the Salinas and San Joaquin Valleys where most of the fall elections will occur. The Chavez union has not only been primarily responsible for the drastic improvement in wages and working conditions experienced by the farmworkers over the past decade, but it is also very Mexican in culture and geared to the needs and lifestyles of the average farmworker. Spanish is the first language in its field offices, special services are available for the poorly educated Mexican aliens, and Mexican holidays such as the Cinco de Mayo (May 5th, Mexican Independence Day) are unofficial union holidays. It will not be surprising if the UFW wins between 70 and 85 percent of the elections in these Valleys.

Four general categories of farmworkers are most likely to vote against the UFW: (1) the "Miscellaneous" group listed above who oppose the Mexican culture of that union, (2) some higher status Mexican-American workers such as tractor drivers and mechanics who feel threatened by the Chavistas' egalitarian ideas, (3) former UFW members who had bad experiences with the operations of hiring halls which were poorly managed, and (4) some of the many illegal aliens who are especially vulnerable to the threats of growers, labor contractors, or Teamsters.

The Gallo election, for example, is likely to turn out to be very close because the company intentionally hired many Portuguese and Anglos to replace the UFW strikers back in 1973. Some Mexicans who continued to work despite the strike were harassed as "scabs," probably resulting in their alienation from the union, and a considerable percentage of Gallo workers are also said to be docile illegals who will vote as instructed by their foremen. Only because the Brown bill permits the 1973 strikers to vote does the UFW even have a chance in Modesto.

A relatively heavy concentration of Filipino labor contractors and workers in the Delano area, along with a couple thousand Arabs from Yemen and many illegal aliens, also forecast some trouble for the UFW in that area.

The most serious mistakes of the Chavistas are commonly acknowledged to have emanated from their Coachella Valley hiring hall, and when elections take place in that Valley next spring it is possible that the UFW will be somewhat less popular with the workers than elsewhere.

The Teamsters' lack of contact with, or loyalty from, farmworkers has caused them considerable embarrassment in the past. Apple pickers in Watsonville were called out on strike by the UFW even though they were under Teamster contract, and asparagus workers in the Imperial Valley obtained wage increases on their Teamster contracts without the Teamsters even entering into the UFW-led negotiations. The latest in the Teamster embarrassment series was a strike they *tried* to call in the Salinas Valley on July 15, 1975—it fizzled because the pro-UFW workers refused to go along.

The aborted strike was intended to cloak the fact that the growers and Teamsters had already agreed to a large wage increase in an attempt to buy farmworker votes in the coming elections. When the strike failed, the new contract was announced without further ado. The 20 percent wage increases will tempt many poor campesinos (peasants), especially when they know how the growers will resist doing business with the UFW. It is unlikely that many will be bought, however, and I'll stick by my prediction that the UFW will take at least 70 percent of the elections this fall. EDWARD J. WALSH

(Edward J. Walsh, a member of the faculty of Penn State University, is currently completing a year's field research on the grower, Teamster, UFW conflict, sponsored by the Ford Foundation.)

COMING

TISSA BALASURIYA offers some theological reflections on Vietnam:

"In the light of what happened in Indochina, we have to ask ourselves what meaning there was in the type of mission activities which were carried out earlier. What relevance did the presentation of the word of God in preaching and catechesis have to the exploitation of the people—both in the local elite and the foreign powers? Even if Christians were opposed to the immorality in public life, how strongly did they contest it?"

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DEAR SISTER KATE—

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

When you rose to ask your question and to state your case at the end of the day-long discussion which the nuns of your community had devoted to women there was no time left for the panel to reply and to comment. No doubt others, as well as I, have had a nagging sense of unfinished business.

I hope I am going to paraphrase what you said correctly. You had listened in vain, you said, through two days for some comment on truly oppressed women, the chicano, the third world woman, the poor, the black, and the way in which our institutions oppressed them. And I think it was true that the plan of the panels ranging as they did over the topics of the ministry of women, the ERA, inequality of opportunity, etc., touched on these women only peripherally.

One of these oppressed women was in the kitchen preparing the meals, you said, and you had talked with her. The night before in connection with your work helping people in the inner city you had talked with another, so beset by her problems that she had considered suicide. You described her as a woman who worked cleaning a government office building and had ten children. The complexity of the new tax laws and aid to dependent children legislation made it difficult for her to feed and care for her children.

It is certainly true that when you are faced, day by day, with people deprived so drastically it is hard to concern yourself with less dramatic forms of injustice. This fact, and this rhetoric, has divided not only the worldwide women's movement, but efforts to deal, on the international level, with population, hunger and the ecology.

There are several ideas worth considering implicit in this approach. First, there seems to be the unspoken assertion that we cannot afford to think in terms of long-term planning in the face of immediate need. Cannot we do both? Second, there is the rather virtuous thought that we should not concern ourselves with our relatively minor wrongs when there are these others more serious to be righted. I think there are dangers here. Is this not in new, attractive contemporary dress, the old American missionary approach—that there are sinners, that we know how to bring them to terms, and that we know how to right things, and that those who do not agree with us can be the object of our righteous excoriations. I know you do not espouse this attitude. I only wonder if concentration on "the oppressed" may not lead this way.

Perhaps there is instead new health in identifying and recognizing our own oppression and its sources. Perhaps in these oppressed—particularly in the strength of black women derived in part from necessity and in part from tribal culture—we can find examples and methods which will make us all more effective women. We have to acknowledge our own needs first, and thus establish mutuality.

Third, when we talk about the violence wrought by institutions are we talking about institutions or the way we use them? What are institutions anyway, in the context of your question?

Your religious institution was established, I suppose, in the simplest terms, as a way of women living together and establishing community. There were strengths in that which can be rediscovered in today's terms. Your sisters, laywomen, were excluded from this kind of community, in practice if not in intent. You could extend that community now to the lonely, the alienated, the struggling, those who need psychological support. And, through new community forms, you try to do just that.

Your schools afforded one kind of liberation—education—which, incidentally, is liberating and the kind of liberation third world women are crying for. You are right, however, in saying that in the past that kind of education was not offered, not possible for, the woman in the kitchen. But it could be now.

Your institutions are employers—employers which in the past were little concerned with living wage, tenure, retirement, equal opportunity. But they could be, and, for that reason, people of the churches for long years have been working on Project Equality.

Finally, the institutions of our society, legislature and then courts—and legal means of changing opinion, have made a significant difference between the condition of the oppressed government cleaning woman and her sister in, let us say, northeast Brazil. Bad as her situation is, you are at work righting it—and through our institutions. She has a minimum wage, and will have social security and medicare. She rides to work today without being subjected to the indignity of segregated seating. Her children can and probably do attend unsegregated schools. Public education through the college level is available to them. Sketchy, inadequate—we must face it—but some public health care is available to them. Men and women are at work through our institutions to do something about her housing. The possibilities are there for better things. And the things she enjoys now are the result of long, hard work over the last twenty years by people who cared.

I think what you wanted us to do is to care. And we must. But about everybody. Let us be gentle with ourselves.

Yours faithfully,

ABIGAIL MCCARTHY

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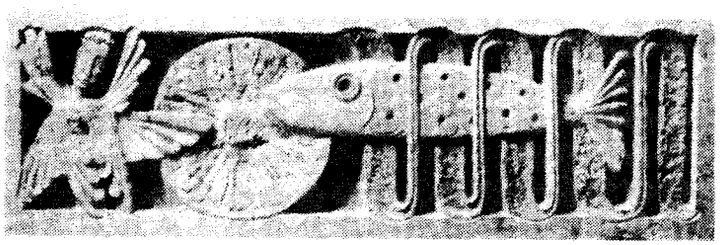
RITE OR WRONG

RALPH A. KEIFER



Ten years after the Constitution on the Liturgy

Liturgical renewal seems to be virtually over without having really begun. And the root of our present crisis is a failure to put the gospel and conversion at the top of our list of liturgical priorities. Put so baldly, the assertion probably sounds pious in the bad sense, simplistic, or arrogant. Arrogant it may be. But not simplistic or pious. Any serious attention to the gospel and to conversion will not make life any simpler, will not solve any problems, and will not give us room or time for saccharine piety. Serious attention to the gospel and to conversion, however, is the only guarantee we have to maintain integrity and truth. And that is our task as Christians, whether we like it or not.

First of all, the question of gospel and of conversion has not been addressed seriously enough on the level of theory, of articulation and of principle. This is not to say that the concern has been absent, but to assert that it has not been central, and has been assumed rather than carefully addressed and articulated. Liturgy is the synthesis of culture and gospel, the gospel, if you will, incarnate in judging and transforming culture so that it is purified and restored to communion with the Father. If gospel and culture are not united in this way, then we have not liturgy but impotent gospel or idolatrous cult. In a real sense, the prophetic critique of the temple cult represents a paradigm of the tension inherent in any attempt at liturgy on this side of the eschaton. In a real sense, too, we can say that Christ did not come to found a cultic religion. The only perfect liturgy is that offered by the incarnate Son to the Father, reconciling the world to himself in his crucified flesh. Until we gather in the new Eden and the heavenly city, where a transformed creation rejoices with its God, there is no perfect liturgy for the church.

In the meantime, any liturgy worth the name is inevitably as much a battlefield as it is a home. The church must be ever alert both to see that it does not become a sect isolated from the culture in which it lives and also to see that it does not become a denomination swamped by the worst presuppositions of the culture. It is perhaps the fundamental flaw of the Constitution of the Liturgy that it did not address this question in sufficient depth—a question which is critical when we come to what is called "cultural adaptation." We have seen plenty of cultural adaptation during the past ten years, and the result is a liturgy which ingeniously mirrors the culture which produced the funeral parlor, the party convention and the neon strip.

Fidelity to the gospel is all too easily traded for the idolatrous presupposition that we can manage our situation by putting it in the hands of scholars and ecclesiastical managers on one hand or by leaving things to local whim and fancy on the other. And idolatry is the word, because idolatry attempts both to be a substitute for faith and to parody it, trying on one side to control everything, and on the other, despairing of doing anything.

Nothing has been more traumatic than the assumption that a new liturgy would solve our problem. Having found that old symbols do not speak, we have turned to revision, and found revision wanting. The "community meal" is a pallid substitute for the "unbloody sacrifice of Calvary." Having found revision wanting, we have turned to innovation, expecting that God will return through the reading of Kahlil Gibran and gospel words joined to advertising slogans around a coffee table. Finding innovation wanting, some think restoration is the

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answer, and they await God's return through the murmur of Latin. Constitutional moderates think they can spice the bland liturgical soup with a dash of workshop, a dribble of commentary, and a sprinkling of flashy music. The liturgy is purveyed like soap, on the assumption that with the right packaging, the product will sell. The magic of a communal absolution is preferred to pastoral care, while college students learn predatory ways under cover of prattle about encounter and love. For the few that have it, good taste becomes a substitute for the signs of faith, and for those who lack good taste or a streak of rebelliousness, authority will do—any old authority at all—in a pinch, even the rubrics will do, because respectability and safety are always handy ways of avoiding pastoral care.

We come desperately short of prizing the faith of a celebrant over his ability to maneuver a committee or maneuver at the altar, as we come desperately short of prizing the faith of a congregation over its ability to put on a good show.

And then there are those who think we should return to the tried and true patterns of the recent past (gratuitously labeled "traditional" by their proponents and "medieval" by their opponents, when they are in fact neither, but only modern in contrast to contemporary). This is a confusion of the form of religion with its reality. We must be on guard against an uncritical reappropriation of values of the "old church." An insecure world yearns for the security of old values, and so it watches the Waltons, reads R. F. Delderfield, eats hearty "natural" cereals, and buys antiques, because they have the savor of that simplicity and security. The bright, the young, and the affluent have more opportunities than most for indulging such fads and fancies. And so there is the distinct prospect of a wave of liturgical camp in what is left of Catholic seminaries and universities. And that is a luxury we cannot afford. The church has a vocation in the world, and it does not respond to that vocation when it lifts its skirts and heads for the hills to suck on the security blanket of inappropriate forms.

There is an inherent tension between gospel and culture, a tension which has an obvious impact on liturgical celebration. We should expect a certain tension between faith and form, and acknowledge that in this world we will *never* find any forms which are entirely and perfectly appropriate or satisfactory.

Yet even having said this, it is still clear that we are in deep liturgical trouble, for the new rites as actually "celebrated" are profoundly alienating. They have been shorn of all the familiar pegs on which popular preconciliar piety could be hung. At the same time, they are by no means contemporary: the most evident direction of the reformed rites has been a restoration of premedieval forms, with the result that we worship within something like a liturgical Williamsburg. The alienation from these forms is most evident in the more creative contemporary attempts. Under scrutiny, what appears is the wooden use of the new official forms, coupled but not integrated with more congenial added "extras" (e.g., the folk liturgy at which the Roman Canon is used). The high Johannine and Pauline Christology and ecclesiology of the new rites, as well as their modified Augustinianism, is at almost total cross-purposes with the optimistic humanism which often pervades hymnody and homily. It is even more symptomatic in unauthorized experiment, where nearly all the distinctive features of the new official rites disappear—most notably the enriched lectionary and the eucharistic prayer as a genuine *anamnesis* of the paschal mystery.

Few seemed to have perceived the incongruity of the attempt to find what is supposed to be lurking under the cultural bed—a truly modern liturgy using truly modern symbols. Since the prevailing tone of the modern world is secular rather than religious, it is not likely to generate such symbols, and certainly not likely to support a liturgy.

As the lights continue to go out for Christianity, we could do worse than turn to our own traditions, especially to the biblical symbols of darkness and the desert, for the desert is paradoxically the place of emptiness and desolation, and yet the locale of God's encounter with his people. Much is said about the silence of our symbols. But it is perhaps those symbols of darkness and of the desert which most eloquently portray our own situation, when all other symbols are mute. It is striking that the sense of God's absence is accompanied by intense pain, a pain that manifests itself in anger at the church, in benumbed dissatisfaction, in restlessness, or in frantic efforts to cover the pain with anything at all that will make us forget it. We might well take this pain as a sign that the finger of God is upon us, and as a sure sign that he will not be palliated by the cheap substitutes we offer him, nor will he permit himself to be confined by our conception of what he is or what he asks of us.

Liturgical Week

The Liturgical Conference is currenlty observing its 33rd North American Liturgical Week with a conference on the Princeton University campus. Emphases are that—

- the Sunday celebration is central to Christian life;
- Sunday is an unbroken whole devoted to the prayer of praise and the re-creation of the human spirit.

The Conference is headquartered at 1330 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20005.

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Quite simply, our liturgical problem is not a problem of rite but of spirituality, and the task before us is infinitely more demanding and infinitely more painful than the kind of engineering with which we often think we can dispose of our liturgical difficulties. The most serious failure of the past ten years has been the failure to develop, articulate, and make pastorally applicable the theology of the paschal mystery which animated liturgical reform in the first place, and which permeates the new rites. One of the things which has most seriously done us in has been the promotion of liturgical reform under the aegis of modernization. It has meant that the recovery of tradition implied in the liturgical reforms has pretty much gone by the boards. It is not very fashionable to plump for a return to the sources, but it is a matter of record that all genuine reform and renewal in the church (including reform and renewal in Israel) has involved just a return, and has become innovative, creative, and "relevant" precisely because it has steadfastly refused to be trapped either by the presuppositions of the recent past or of the immediate present.

Three evident traditional streams converge in the theology of the paschal mystery, as they evidently converge in the reformed rites: Johannine thought, Pauline thought and modified Augustinianism. There is a radical difference between being merely "a community" and being God's sons by adoption and grace, members of the body of the risen Lord. There is a chasm between the Jesus-as-ethical-example of popular hymnody and the risen Lord of John and Paul. There is virtually no connection between the "community celebration of life" almost totally at the mercy of the celebrant and the corporate Pauline proclaiming the death of the Lord until he comes or the Johannine entry into the liturgy of the heavenly court.

One of the things which defines Catholic Christianity is an understanding of the gospel which includes submission to a tradition as normative. Modernity is not normative. John, Paul, and the main lines of the Augustinian theology of grace are. They may undergo adjustment and reinterpretation (they always have), but we are not free merely to ignore them, and not free merely to discard them. The two things which we are probably most free to discard—the pastoral models of the past four hundred years, and the naive optimism of the early sixties—are the very things which we cling to with the greatest ferocity.

If there is to be a genuine renewal of spirituality, and an appropriation of the theology of the paschal mystery, it will also have to be emphatically "lay" in character. The Pauline understanding of the body of Christ, and the Johannine understanding of discipleship have little room for a church divided into a few active and committed ministers and a great mass of passive, inert, and half-committed "objects" of ministry. What lay spirituality there has been in the past thousand years has been derivative from clerical or monastic models. The baptismal emphasis of the theology of the paschal mystery renders this approach obsolete and inadequate.

In many ways, it is encouraging to see the emerging concern among priests and members of religious orders for spirituality. But there is a distinct danger that this movement will be poisoned by a clericalist twist, as equipping people for a ministry toward and for the laity, rather than equipping them for ministry with and among the laity. Most of the clerical attempts to raise Catholic social consciousness in the sixties were abortive precisely because of a clericalism which did not hear the laity out on their particular perspectives and concerns, and there was a distinct tendency to walk off in anger with an "I'll do it myself" attitude. The same thing could happen again—and in our present situation, we can ill afford to widen gaps between clergy and laity. At the same time, there are plenty of us who are willing to let clergy and religious act for us as surrogate Christians, and that lay tendency must be vigorously resisted.

In brief, the liturgical future is now where it ought to be—squarely in the hands of the local church. But in the local church, we might hear more about gospel and less about modernity. Let us hear more about rediscovering our own tradition and less about relevance. Let us hear more about change of heart and less about change of ritual. And above all, let us begin to hear one another.

JOSEPH PAYNE BRENNAN

THE CLOSER LIGHT

Autumn enters like a blade of ice;
the extraneous ebbs away, the marginal dims.

I no longer look through leaves; naked twigs
etch black designs; leaves lie underfoot.

A cold and bitter clarity, comes down the sky;
it spreads with the day, chill, comfortless.

All things are seen in closer light;
amorphous concepts shrink to solid cores.

At certain hours, the day seems savage;
a reckoning is written on the wind.

In this sudden distance, merciless light,
Time itself is shorn of true dimensions.

Voices of the dead, subdued but clear,
rise up from earth and murmur in my ear.

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A FATHER'S [DAY] REFLECTION

JULIAN R. PLEASANTS

The image of God the Father in the liturgy is unbelievable

The more understandable the liturgy becomes, the more unbelievable it becomes. It has become unbelievable precisely because Christianity has been so successful in projecting the image of God as an all-loving Father. The image of God the Father we find in the liturgy is unbelievable—not unbelievably good, unbelievably bad. Maybe at one time that same image appeared unbelievably good in comparison to the fatherhood then prevailing. But the image of fatherhood in general has improved enormously in recent generations. It has finally become possible to think of fatherly love as disinterested love. In the technological economic system, children are no longer an economic asset. There was a time when wife and children were the poor man's serfs, the businessman's clerks, the powerful man's stepping stones to more power by way of family liaisons. In ruder times, a father's safety was guaranteed by others' fear that his son would avenge him. And in any case, children were the guarantors of support in sickness and old age. The family-centered economic system made children such an economic advantage for the father that his motives were bound to get mixed up.

Most of that has changed. Children are a net economic liability; wealth is made outside the home; security for old age is a fund in Washington. A father is free to love his children for themselves. Even when he dreams of his son (or daughter) the doctor, it is less likely that he is thinking of money and free medical care in his old age, than that he is hoping his children will reach their fullest potential.

The image of the father as all-loving comes easy to us at only two times in our lives. When we're very little, with no critical faculties developed, we can readily see our fathers as all-loving. That is why we have to accept the kingdom of God "as little children." God is indeed as good as little children (and only little children) think their fathers are. But somewhat later, we begin to see our fathers as less than perfect, and later still, in rebelling as we must against our state of dependence and subservience, we may think our fathers are not loving at all. Even when we later achieve a more balanced view of our own father, it may still be tinged with resentment at our one-time childhood status, as well as resentment at our father's actual sins and stupidities. It is only when we see ourselves as fathers—completed fathers—that we begin again to develop an image of the father as all-loving. Whether we think we *are* all-loving, or should have been, or still hope to be, we now have an image, one with realism and content, of what God might be like. Incidentally, what I've said above and will say below, could equally well apply to God as Mother. Since I'm a father, it's much easier for me to write about the father image.

But what do we find in the liturgy? The liturgy starts out with two enormous put-downs: of us, and of God the Father. We are worthless, sinful children, hopelessly on the outs with our Father. Nothing we do is worth anything in his sight. And what of God the Father? He is a bloodthirsty parent, who punishes all his children indiscriminately for the deeds of some, and is never fully satisfied until he sees his own Son (so much better than worthless us) bathed in blood and dead on a cross. Only Jesus is admirable in the liturgy. He is so kind that he loves even sinful, worthless man and imputes to us a value not exactly ours. And by appeasing his bloodthirsty Father for us, he makes it possible for his Father to accept us at last. But we must keep reminding God the Father of this deal, or he may slip back into old habits.

Fortunately, most people don't get this picture from the Mass, just because it is so unbelievable. But that is what the Pauline-Augustinian tradition of the Fall, Atonement and Redemption tells us is there in the Mass. It has made Jesus a hero at the cost of making human beings into flunkies and God the Father into an ogre. We had to attribute to God the Father sins which our modern conscience, sensitized by centuries of Christian teaching, finally sees as the worst of crimes. These are racial prejudice—condemning a whole race (the human race) for what some of its members do or did—and genocide—inventing suffering and death to punish and destroy the members of the condemned race. The Mass on this year's Father's Day had St. Paul, after pointing out the worthlessness of man, presenting the unfatherly Father: "It is precisely in this that God proves his love for us: that while we were sinners, Christ died for us. Now that we have been justified by his

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blood, it is all the more certain that we shall be saved by him from God's wrath." Who that believes in fathers, can believe in this Father, or would want to?

It has been my misfortune in my lifetime to try to make the liturgy intelligible. Perhaps it would be better to say that it was an unfortunately necessary step in my own personal evolution. I wrote articles and attended meetings to try to get the liturgy in the vernacular. I even wrote a Master's dissertation on it, parts of which were later published. Not satisfied with letting the liturgy now speak for itself, I made explicit, though not in the pejorative terms used above, the Pauline-Augustinian interpretation of what the Mass was telling us. I did this in articles, but most of all in endless explanations to my children. They got the picture all too well.

The odd thing is that this picture of God the Father was so opposite to the picure of him which I held and conveyed as an evolutionary biologist. The other big thing which has made the liturgical image of God the Father so incredible is modern science in general and evolutionary biology in particular. I point out to my microbiology class that as long as people attributed to God the activities of germs, God would bear the attributes of a germ: cruel, capricious, self-centered, unpredictable and unfair. People could salvage some aspect of love in God only by postulating that the sickness, disaster, human weakness and death in the world were a punishment for something man had done. This made the situation unfair, but not totally unloving and therefore hopeless. And as long as our ancestors' collective consciousness was much stronger than their individual consciousness, the unfairness of the situation was not so obvious, though I like to think some parents in every age had the decency to rail against a God who would punish little babies with dysentery and death because of something their ancestors did.

St. Paul wrote for people with this pre-scientific view of why there was sickness and death in the world, people who believed they had a burden of collective guilt because they thought they were undergoing a collective punishment, people who felt estranged from God because he must be angry at all of them. Those who see causality in personal rather than scientific terms are forced to think of evil as punishment. It would be even more awful to think of a God who enjoyed making people suffer. I have seen the attitude in a little child who asks: "What did I do wrong, Daddy?" when a picture accidentally falls from the wall on the other side of the room. She didn't mean: "How did I make it fall?" but "Why did somebody make it fall to punish me?" St. Paul used the life and death of Jesus Christ to cure people in the only way such people could be cured: not by telling them their world view was unscientific, and their collective guilt non-existent, but by overcoming their collective guilt with a collective atonement. This could gradually, over time, get them enough over their burden of collective guilt to let them consider the real message of Jesus's life and death, that God is an all-loving Father, that he is not angry at man and never was, that sickness and death have absolutely nothing to do with punishment; that there is no collective guilt, though plenty of reasons for personal guilt, even about our unacted-out desires; that we don't need to change God's attitude towards us, which is and has always been loving—we only need to change our attitude towards God and each other.

The Pauline interpretation of the life and death of Jesus served its evolutionary purpose and would probably have died a peaceful death long since, if it had not become fixed as the official interpretation of the Mass. Fortunately, as I mentioned above, many Catholics have been able to live out their lives with no clearer idea of Paul's theology of atonement than of Augustine's theology of sex. But a genuine confrontation is inevitable as a more explicit vernacular liturgy meets minds whose world view has finally been shaped by the theory of evolution.

Evolution

In the evolutionary world view, pain, sickness and death are an integral part of the evolutionary process. They are not evils from the point of view of the progression of life, but means to its improvement. They couldn't possibly be connected with punishment of human sin, since they preceded man by hundreds of millions of years, and may well continue long after man has become extinct. But they do *appear as evil* when self-consciousness emerges on the evolutionary scene, and the individual sees himself suffering while others escape, and he can see no reason for either the existence or the distribution of suffering. Scientific ignorance drives him to invent a religious explanation which is at least better than the notion of a God who enjoys human suffering.

But does evolution remove the ultimate mystery of suffering? Yes and no. How could an all-loving God choose a mode of creation so cruel and unfair to individuals, even while serving the species as a whole? To answer, we must return to the modern image of fatherhood, so different from the static world view of earlier times in which the child followed in the parents' footsteps. The image of fatherhood is now already shaped by the theory of evolution. The modern father, not only from theory, but also from some experience, has realized that the best thing he can bequeath his children is an unfinished world.

It is only in such a world that creative love and loving creativity can operate. Man cannot create from nothing. If he is to create in ways that are meaningful for peoples' lives, he must live in an imperfect, evolving world. This is what God has given him. Man can see need and respond to it with creative love. It is the greatest thing

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he can do because it is the greatest thing anybody can do, the greatest thing God does.

But what about all the suffering that doesn't get responded to? What about the children who suffer? At least we don't have the added suffering of thinking that it is a punishment or that it means God is angry at us. But how to account for the unfairness of the way different people pay the price of living in an imperfect world? Evolution has no answer; this world alone provides no answer, but Jesus' life, death, and *resurrection* do have an answer: Justice will be served. This life is not all. The death and resurrection of Jesus do not save man from the anger of God, but save God from the anger of man attuned to individual self-consciousness and aware of the unfairness of it all. What Jesus's life, death, and resurrection really save is the image of an all-loving Father.

Then why doesn't this come through in the Mass? It still could if we let it. The Mass as the memorial of the life, death and resurrection of Jesus could be telling us all that, telling us that God is all-loving, that man is worth loving, worth Jesus' giving his life and death to us. We could see the Mass not as Jesus' gift to the Father for us (a gift totally unnecessary) but as Jesus' gift of himself to us, to convince us of our worth, our tremendous potential. The Mass is not our worship of the alienated Father. It is precisely God's worship of *us*, expressing *our* worth, acknowledging that *we* are worth the life and death of God.

When this was what every other aspect of my world view was telling me, how could I have gone on explaining the Mass to myself and to others so exactly wrong? How could I have been so enthusiastic about participating in an expiatory rite that all my religious instincts told me was denigrating both God and man? I think I've found an answer in Carl Jung's description of the religion of the Pueblo Indians *(Memories, Dreams and Reflections)*. Jung found the Pueblo Indians extremely secretive about their religion, but by observing their visible reactions, as well as their limited answers to his questions, he formed his own idea of their religion and of the great dignity it gave them. Whether his interpretation of their religion is true or not doesn't matter here. What matters is the insight it gave him (and me) into the meaning we read into our liturgy. The following paragraph summarizes his view.

For the Pueblos, the sun, so obviously essential for all life, is God. And their religious ritual is essential to keep God going. Jung quotes one of the Indians: ". . . we are the sons of Father Sun, and with our religion we daily help our father to go across the sky. We do this not only for ourselves but for the whole world. If we were to cease practicing our religion, in ten years the sun would no longer rise." Jung himself comments: "Our Christian religion—like every other, incidentally—is permeated by the idea that special acts or a special kind of action can influence God . . . The ritual acts of man are an answer and reaction to the action of God upon man; and perhaps, they are not only that, but are also intended to be activating, a form of magic coercion. That man feels capable of formulating valid replies to the overpowering influence of God, and that he can render back something which is essential even to God, induces pride, for it raises the human individual to the dignity of a metaphysical factor."

Now I can see what made some of us so excited by the liturgical movement and participatory liturgy. It enabled us to identify not with worthless man or the unfatherly Father, but with Jesus, the only hero of the piece. United with him, we men have power to influence God for the better, and through God the world. It is obviously the greatest power in the world. And what a dignity! We come out looking rather better than God.

Now I can imagine a father who, out of pity for the unavoidable powerlessness of his children, might fake a certain hard-heartedness and let it be known what kind of actions might soften him up. I can imagine his doing that to give them the dignity of feeling there were some things in which they were better than their father. I could even imagine God the Father working that way if the results of such a belief, common (as Jung says) to all religions, had not been so uniformly ghastly. The notion that *we* are the only people having an "in" with God has produced and is producing a tragic history of oppression, exploitation and bloodshed. A bloodthirsty God, even if he is only faking it, begets bloodthirsty children.

Besides giving us this power over God, we also believed that participation in the liturgy would have a magical power in changing the hearts of the people. A frustrated social reformer like me could invest his energy in promoting liturgical participation, and hope to see whole congregations shifting their center of gravity toward social consciousness. The altar becomes the fulcrum on which a small force of liturgical renewal would be amplified into a powerful force to change the world. It is easy to see why one would want to hand on such power over God and men to his children and friends, since it would be the greatest thing he could give them, the greatest thing they could have.

It took me a long time to realize that as long as the main thrust of the liturgy is to change God, and to change men indirectly by changing God, the real power of the Mass to change men's hearts is largely dissipated. Instead of being a stimulus to love of neighbor expressed in our life outside church, the Mass becomes a *substitute* for this kind of love. The whole meaning of the gospel good news, that we love God by loving our neighbor, becomes perverted to the idea that we love our neighbor by loving God in a particular kind of ritual which magically helps the world.

But if we take away the Mass's power over God, if it

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ceases to be something we do for God or to God, if God doesn't need changing, what is left? I suspect that the old instincts of the laity were correct, that we go to Mass to receive something from God, not to give something to him. That something is still there, though obscured by all the prescientific cosmology of fall, atonement and redemption.

The Mass is the gift of both Father and Son to us. They are acting out that delicate and loving role that fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and lovers play for us, but parents first of all. It is the genius of a good father (and how few of us accomplish it) to convince his children of their intrinsic personal worth while encouraging them to be even more than they are and while reminding them of the worth of all their brothers and sisters. No father would ever suggest that his children are worthless. It would be utterly stupid and utterly untrue. Children can indeed get that impression—it's a hazard of our achievement-oriented world—from parental reminders of how far they have to go, but that is the tremendous problem that parents are meant to solve. Even God the Father could not solve it without giving us his son Jesus. He alone, by his life, death and resurrection could convince us how great we are, how much greater we can be, and how great everyone is, and can be.

If we've once gotten this message, why do we need to be reminded of it frequently in the Mass? Having absorbed this lesson from our Father, why can't we just go out and live what every father wants for (and from) his children: that they reach their full potential, and do it in loving concern for each other's development? What continuing need does the Mass meet, assuming it is freed from its primitive cosmology either by liturgists, theologians, or our own mental gymnastics at Mass?

Being involved with college students, I get to see that pervasive need very frequently, sometimes in extreme form. There is the pre-medical student who thinks his entire worth, the sole meaning of his life, hangs on his grade point average, and is driven to deep depression when his GPA hangs in the balance. But he is only the tip of the iceberg of uncertainty about one's personal worth.

At the other extreme are the students so naively sure of themselves, on largely theoretical grounds, that they believe anyone who has reached maturity is perfectly capable, by himself, of handling alcohol, money, sex and all the individuals who try to victimize him. Such students have no concept whatever of a recurrent need for community support. We might suppose that this is the usual and expected reaction of youth to the cynicism of age. But it represents an American extreme. In a *Commonweal* column last year, Michael Novak cited a sociological survey comparing American and English teenagers. He wrote: "The English young people tended to believe that the individual is dishonest, unreliable, selfish, egotistical; and that institutions serve to keep individuals in line and to bring out in them higher qualities. The American young people tended to think the individual is basically good, honest, generous, reliable; and that institutions impede, distort and corrupt."

Both the English and American positions distort some of the truth about us, truth which we need more than anything else, and which we can only accept within an atmosphere of love. Our needs for truth and love are never fully satisfied because we never finish growing. We can go to Mass unashamedly to *receive*, not so that we can give back, but so that we can give out the love that we find there. The modern father does not raise children to care for him when the roles are reversed and he is dependent. He hopes to maintain his independence, even when he realizes it doesn't always work out that way. He gives truth and love to his children so that they can pass it on to others. The direction of fatherly love is not circular but radial. The modern family is not a closed circle but a center of radiation. It has taken a social and economic revolution to enable us to discover this same truth about the family of God.

We will go to Mass when our need is a parent. When is our need a parent? When we need to be assured that we are loved, that we are worth loving; when we need to face our own failures to love and achieve within a context of being loved; when we need reminding that others are indeed worth our loving; when we need convincing that it is all worthwhile. That is the kind of worthmanship that the ideal parent provides. God the Father-Mother will not do less.

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TOM MCKEOWN

WAITING AT THE OCEAN

What do we expect
as the clam turns over?

What the pelican calls for?

Who reads the curves,
the lines of an afternoon

that is hurrying somewhere?

A shell faintly howls
in the wind.

A horseshoe crab is stranded.

The answers are waiting
to descend—

no one has the ears
to hear them as they pass

out of the clouds to the sea
this perfectly clear morning.

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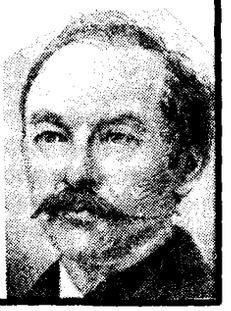
IMAGINING HARDY

SAUL MALOFF



Young Thomas Hardy
ROBERT GITTINGS
Atlantic-Little, Brown, $10.95

Every life is, more or less, a ruin among whose debris we have to discover what the person ought to have been.

—Ortega y Gasset

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) resorted to extraordinary duplicity, even for a writer, in an attempt to confound posthumous invasions of his private life. Nothing so drastic as Kafka's (equivocal) command that the entire record of his life and work be expunged, or, say, Eliot's that no biography ever be written of him, or Auden's that his letters be destroyed (the examples are countless of documents burned or placed under seal for a stipulated period —the Yeats-Maude Gonne correspondence comes to mind). Nothing so simple and humanly understandable, not with Hardy. World famous, indeed in his great age already a "posthumous" figure (it's always shocking to recall how recently he died), this ancestral figure, drawing on his long memory of a rural England already remote in his time, was enraged and wounded by the hounds of celebrity, and so he undertook to construct his own monument in the form of an "authorized" biography—not an autobiography but a kind of official life of Thomas Hardy written by himself in the third person and destined for posthumous publication as the "work" of his second wife. Although the truth of its creation began to emerge over thirty years ago and is by now thoroughly established, the two-volume *Life* bears Florence Hardy's name to this day and to this day many writers on Hardy still carelessly accept the work as hers, and praise it for its acuity.

Not all were taken in; and where the deceit registered, and its possible motives and implications were pondered, speculation was inevitable, some of it inevitably wild, the biographical enterprise being what it is. The portrait is carefuly composed, the light and shade blocked-in: we see what the portraitist wants us to see, and what he cannot prevent us from seeing (though in kindly colors)—and nothing else. Discrepancies appeared, omissions were noted; in his great age Hardy, naturally so reticent and reserved a man, talked indiscreetly (to a visiting nephew of Twain's who published the interview in 1943); gradually suspicions darkened. "What has Providence done to Mr. Hardy," Edmund Gosse asked thirty-odd years before the novelist's death, "that he should rise up in the arable land of Wessex and shake his fist at his creator?"

In our time, darkness is glandular, mystery sexual; there is no other. In the 1960s, one Lois Deacon thought she could answer Gosse's baffled question. For biographical researchers of a certain stripe incest is marvelous, bastardy nearly as good and the two together very heaven. Miss Deacon learned, through a chance encounter in 1959 with the then-aged daughter of Hardy's cousin Tryphena Sparks that the pair had "walked out" for a time before his first marriage; and in 1966 with the assistance of Terry Coleman she published a book called *Providence and Mr. Hardy*, which greatly embellished truly valuable information, and added reckless conjecture—and, worse, highly dubious death-bed "testimony"—to transform Tryphena from cousin to niece, establish time and place of the fateful encounter, and beget from it a son. Never mind that little or no hard evidence exists; that Tryphena (the subject of Hardy's haunting memorial poem "Thoughts of Phena") was merely his cousin, that their walking-out very well may have been chaste, by the narrow definition. The point is it *feels* true, as good fiction does. Compelling legends resist mere factuality: this one gained immediate wide acceptance, and will perdure, one may be certain, long after it has been in large part demolished. (Richard Holmes's generally valuable recent biography of Shelley also turns up an equally improbable bastard for the poet.) In any case, as seen by the moonlight of the Deacon-Coleman thesis, that's why Mr. Hardy shook his fist at his creator in the arable land of Wessex; and guilt, sin, incest underlie and account for the brooding pessimism, despair, remorse of the novels and poems. So much for the inner life and so much for its extensions into a world-view. One may with as much reason offer the obverse for the discredited thesis—that the sources of Hardy's life and work lie in his *failure* to attain the fair Triffy, and multiply. We are hopelessly wedded to the romantic idea of the single decisive event the knowledge of which unravels all mysteries.

Robert Gittings (Keats' excellent biographer) demolishes this particular romance with ingenuity and finesse, making a mockery of its more vulnerable elements but retaining its historic center (Hardy and Tryphena did walk out, there was an engagement of sorts, and a ring), though in altered perspective. Nevertheless, it is one thing cleverly to demonstrate, as Gittings does, that the season was a wet one, with an unusually heavy rainfall, and another to insist, as Gittings does, that therefore lovers could not lie down on the heath. Lovers can and do, wet season and sopping wet. Be-

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sides, as one English critic pointed out, what about stables and other shelters that their watchful mothers needn't have known about? And while a birth required registration, miscarriages (a half-truth, so to speak) don't. Gittings, in short, relies too heavily at times on demonstrable fact, forgetting that not all truths, including the most important ones, can be demonstrated from the archives. Poems tell us more than records can. The problem for the biographer, in the absence of the usual evidence, records, documents, is to discover—track down, sense out, deduce, imagine the lineaments of a recognizable, plausible life in what remained—in what Hardy couldn't (or couldn't bring himself to) rub out or, one may say, didn't realize he had left behind: of the former, other lives, public records, and of course the work of his life; and of the latter, the scattered debris of a life, and—importantly—heavily, often obscurely, marked and annotated books in his personal library, which constitute a kind of coded private diary. Gittings, by this conceit, is a master cryptographer and debris-collector who, starting from a powerful sense of his duplicitous, furtive prey, is able by assembling a set of initials, an underscored passage in John Keble's *The Christian Year*, a Biblical verse, some lines from a Hardy poem and some others from Shelley, to compose these fragments into a persuasive likeness. The question, for Gittings and us, is: What public monument did Hardy, standing amid the "ruin" of his life, desire to erect? What "life" did he suppose he "ought to have

PHARISEES *a short story by J. F. POWERS*

And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray: the one a Pharisee and the other a publican.

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. Luke 18:9-13

TAKING a hard-boiled egg from the bowl on the bar, the publican—if he could be called that, for the joint was in his wife's name and he was now retired from his job as tax collector—squeezed it, trying to break the shell in his grip, and failed. So he held the egg down on the bar, rolled it back and forth, and in this manner broke the shell, which he removed. He sprinkled salt on the small end of the egg, and was eating this when a customer entered the joint.

"I see you're eating an egg," said the customer, an elderly Pharisee in a dark suit of conservative cut.

"I'm on this new diet," said the publican.

"What new diet is this, Walt?"

"It's this new cholesterol diet."

"Oh, yes. I've been hearing about it."

"In cholesterol, which I prefer to take in the form of eggs, I get all the things my body needs —animal fats, blood, nerve tissue, bile, to name but a few."

"Sounds good, Walt. Small brandy, please."

The publican was pouring a small brandy when a young thief entered the joint with a gun, saying, "This is a holdup."

While the holdup was in progress, another customer, an unfrocked Pharisee now engaged in community work, entered the joint, saying, "Hi, fellas. Hey, what's happening?"

"Watch it," said the young thief.

The ex-Pharisee then spoke to the young thief in a nice way, telling him that he could jeopardize his future in the community by such conduct, if, that is, he persisted in it.

"Maybe you're right," said the young thief, sheepishly.

"I don't say I'm right. I don't say you're wrong," said the ex-Pharisee. "I try not to make value judgments. All I ask is that you think again. In the meantime, what'll you have, fella?"

"Just a beer."

"Two beers, Walt."

After serving them, the publican picked up the egg, which was eroding on the bar.

J. F. POWERS, *a long-time contributor to* Commonweal, *is the author of the novel* Morte D'Urban, *winner of a 1963 National Book Award, and of other works of fiction. The accompanying piece is from a new collection of Mr. Powers' short stories,* Look How the Fish Live, *to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in October;* *© 1975, by J. F. Powers.*

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led"—what "life," pieced together from the debris of his life and appropriate to his achieved status as the Great Man of English Letters, as against the actual life he lived? When he died, a Prime Minister was one of his pallbearers and his body was virtually snatched from his family. The ashes were buried in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey; the heart lies buried in the parish churchyard at Stinsford between the graves of his two wives, close by his native village of Higher Bockhampton in Dorset, three miles across the heath from his mother's (and Tryphena's) native Puddletown.

The Hardy of the "official" Life is a proper Victorian gentleman who might just as well have made his dim mark in the civil service, the bar, medicine, the academy, the clergy—indeed as the successful provincial church architect he might well have become had he continued in that profession. On another, deeper level he "might have been," but for his genius, some version of John Antell, his uncle-by-marriage and partly the original of the obscure Jude Fawley (a surname derived from his maternal grandmother's native village). One strongly senses the profound feeling of kinship in the inscription Hardy wrote for Antell's tombstone in 1878: "He was a man of considerable local reputation as a self-made scholar, having acquired a varied knowledge of languages, literature and science by unaided study, and in the face of many untoward circumstances."

Especially dismaying for those who think him a great writer (both a great poet and for all his faults a great novel-

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The Pharisee said, "Saw you this morning, Walt, unless my eyes deceived me."

"No, I was there. I was standing afar off."

"Walt, how is it I never see your wife there?"

"She's pretty busy."

"We're all pretty busy, Walt, but we can still find a few hours a day for the things that matter most."

"Such as?" said the ex-Pharisee.

"*We* were talking," said the Pharisee. "Walt and I."

"About what?" said the ex-Pharisee.

The publican leaned over the bar and, with a mouthful of egg, whispered, "Religion."

"Oh, *that*," said the ex-Pharisee.

A young woman, a dish, entered the joint rattling a can of coins. She approached the Pharisee with it.

"What's it for?" he asked.

"People."

The Pharisee shook his head. "I give tithes of all that I possess," he said.

"Oh, sure," said the dish, and rattled the can at the publican.

"My wife takes care of all that. She's off today."

"Oh, sure," said the dish.

"Hey, don't forget us," said the ex-Pharisee—who then folded a dollar and slipped it into the can.

The dish rattled the can at the young thief.

"We give at home," he said.

The ex-Pharisee slipped the young thief a five, which *he*, having seen how it was done, folded and slipped into the can, saying, "Now I see."

Watching the dish leave, the publican squeezed an egg, then rolled it on the bar, removed the shell, and salted the small end. "Want one?" he said to the Pharisee.

"Not today, Walt. Small brandy, please."

"Hey, what's happening?" said the ex-Pharisee. Going out into the entryway, where the dish was being attacked by rapists, he said, "Hi, fellas," and after apologizing for the young ex-thief who had attacked one of the rapists from behind, he spoke to them all in a nice way, telling them that they could jeopardize their future in the community by such conduct, if, that is, they persisted in it. Not surprisingly, they all agreed.

The ex-Pharisee, the young ex-thief, the dish, and the six ex-rapists then repaired to the bar where they sat in a row, but could see each other in the mirror, all talking about poetry, music, drama, and better recreational facilities.

"Tired?" said the ex-Pharisee.

"A little," said the dish.

The young ex-thief said he'd be glad to go out with the can in her place, and offered to turn his gun over to her, the ex-Pharisee, or the ex-rapists, if that would make him more acceptable in her eyes, but that was not required of him, and he came back shortly with a full can.

"Don't thank me," he told the grateful dish. "Thank *him*."

The ex-Pharisee said, "You did it your way, fella."

The publican squeezed another egg, rolled it on the bar, removed the shell, salted the small end, and pointed it at the Pharisee invitingly.

"Not today, Walt. You see, I fast twice in the week, and this is one of my days."

"Big deal," said the ex-Pharisee. "I don't fast, and I don't give tithes, and I don't go to temple, and I thank God (if there is one) I'm not like the hypocrites that do!"

"And so say all of us," said one of the ex-rapists.

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ist) and still harbor illusions about what a great writer "ought to have been," in despite of the most shattering evidence to the contrary, he was a snob of the most craven, most vulgar sort, going so far as to transform or simply erase his actual family and provide himself with a genteel one. He exalted the social status of his parents (a domestic servant and bricklayer-mason, respectively), obliterated his numerous close kin—the virtual "extended" family of his boyhood; and in effect invented a genealogical table, which he called "The Hardy Pedigree," reaching far aloft for a remote branch of his mother's distant relatives for no other reason than that it boasted some professional men.

The Thomas Hardy who committed these nasty little execrations, it seems necessary to say again, was a world-famous writer in his old age, and far, far beyond all that, one would have thought. Yet so concerned was he with propriety that he needed to convince posterity that nothing of emotional consequence had occurred in his life until he met his first wife at the age of twenty-nine. A chilling image captures, and pinions, this Hardy—bicycling rigidly through the main street of Puddletown—a street crowded with his family's cottages—accompanied by Emma, neither of them looking to the right nor to the left, neither giving nor acknowledging greetings. Another emblematic moment should be recorded: Emma dismissing his novel *Ethelberta* with the comment, "Too much about servants in it"; and leaving the pages of her inscribed copy uncut at her death. Sympathy had run out decades earlier, though, good Victorians both, they remained lashed to each other, by convention, inertia, necessity, fate, Providence, whatever name an age gives to incurable affliction.

Having done what he could to suppress his life from his life, Hardy left instructions to his second wife and his executor to destroy the rest, taking special pains to burn all materials bearing on his early life. Burn they did; but he could not reach to alter the deep ineradicable sources where his art formed, nor burn out the traces of memory where his life was inviolate. Like us he was stuck with his life. More so: he had a long memory which stretched across his own life into his mother's and her mother's, his family's and theirs, and seemed to enclose as well the collective memory of his native Dorset, all those silent blighted lives which he redeemed by his art.

The joke is a famous and bitter one: the Life, cast in bronze, is only another public statue, like the one that today sits atop Dorchester alongside the ruin of a Roman wall and overlooks a gasoline station and public toilet—an eventuality, one feels, which Hardy could almost have foretold. But the rejected life fed the springs of imagination. The split is virtually absolute. "I have a faculty," he once wrote, "for burying an emotion in my heart or brain for forty years, and exhuming it at the end of that time as fresh as when interred." Blind to certain aspects of himself, he was the closest observer of others. "I was quick to bloom; late to ripen," he said, referring to himself as a poet; and in the third person in his *Life of Thomas Hardy* he spoke of "his lateness of development in virility, while mentally precocious." He was still more specific: "I was a child till I was 16; a youth till I was 25; a young man till I was 40 or 50." It is at least arguable that he remained suspended through his life.

Gittings is surely right to lay heavy stress on his flight from class and the costs it exacted—the pain of amputation and the conflicts of renunciation. His proper middle-class marriage was a fatal mistake: what terrible toll it took we can readily imagine where we don't in fact know. No member of his family attended his wedding in London—not his mother, the "most powerful presence in his life," nor his beloved sister Mary. For the longest time he didn't present his wife to his immediate family, and at no time was anything resembling a relationship allowed to develop, not even of the conventional, merely courteous kind. Yet, though Emma's roots lay elsewhere, and as a writer he was free to live elsewhere, Hardy built his house, Max Gate, in Dorchester within walking distance of Bockhampton and Puddletown and lived out his long life there. Granted that most imaginative writers require their native air for life's breath, Hardy, to the extent that he was a "regionalist," more than most; making such allowances, we are still hard put to account for that cold cutting-off while he lived in their midst, needing what he disclaimed, a returned native self-alienated, a kind of spy and stranger in his own land. "Love," he once said, "lives on propinquity, but dies of contact."

Death moved his imagination with a strange, uncanny force, almost always the death of women. As a boy he had been morbidly fascinated (the overtones of sexual excitement are unmistakable) by the public execution of a woman, by tales of other executions and suicide, with the burial of suicides in the old barbaric manner: in an unmarked unconsecrated grave on the public highway, a stake driven through the heart. Tryphena's death released a burst of poetry, as did the death of a girl of his adolescent years scarcely known then and not at all since and worshipped (dreamed-of, transformed into the stuff of fantasy) from afar, the emotion sixty years later (she died in 1913) "as fresh as when interred." "Neutral Tones" ("Since then, keen lessons that love deceives, / And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me / Your face, and the God-cursed sun, and a tree, / And a pond edged with greyish leaves."), that great moment in the history of the English lyric written in 1867 during his London years, commemorates not love but its withering and blasting (and resurrects the shadowy presence of the unknown "H.A." in another of Gittings's triumphs of meticulous research and intuitive detection). Not the emotions associated with Emma but those associated with his courtship of her charge, the outpouring of poems released by her death in 1912 after decades of sterile estrangement in the bonds of their marriage. And so with his sister Mary, who died in 1915 and for whom, Gittings feels,

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though the case here is less than compelling, Hardy felt a deeper sympathetic affection than he did for "any other love." Women occupied the center of his imagination and sensibility, were agents of his deepest responses to life, though none of this in obvious ways. The exception was Horace Moule, his friend and mentor, "university" to the country boy who, like Jude, was excluded by fate from the university; Moule—a brilliant failure, the man who probably did father a bastard upon a Dorchester girl, and undone by drink, intermittent madness, disappointment, ended as a suicide—figured steadily in Hardy's sense of life.

That sense of life was grounded in disappointment, failure, transience, grief, regret, remorse, longing, loss, violent death, the workings of blind, ironic, cruel fate, the fundamental disarrangement of things. What he most desired, or thought he desired, or wanted to desire, had most eluded him. He was left with his success, money, a ruinous marriage, a fine house, and a willed isolation from his sources.

The Prince of Wales visited him at Max Gate and stayed for lunch (roast chicken); but the Prince of Wales played no part in his buried life. He had long since abandoned fiction for poetry, his first, last and enduring literary love. He revised poems written in London in the mid-Sixties; mined his youth for material for new ones; resurrected poems: "so personal he had not dared publish them before . . . mysterious colloquies with past women, so emotionally charged and yet so obliquely expressed that one can only guess at their meaning." At the funeral service in Westminster Abbey the daughter of a Dorset vicar who was a friend of Hardy was seated in the "reserved and ticketed" section next to an "obvious tramp in ragged clothes"; questioned, the man proved to have known Hardy very well indeed; he was "probably a relative, one of the Hands of Melbury Osmund." While the imperious ladies and gentlemen at Max Gate were "making their important, national arrangements without consulting her," Kate Hardy, the younger sister, viewed her brother's body and "gazed at the family face." It bore, she wrote in her diary, "the same triumphant look . . . that all the others bore—but without the smile." If she had known, and could, she might have buried the heart where their mother lay, and their sister Mary, and as close as possible, perhaps, to Tryphena Sparks, if she can be thought of as representing not only herself but all the lost girls he never possessed and who never left him.

BOOKS

AMERICA, THE GEM OF HISTORIANS

ROBERT V. REMINI

Jefferson, Nationalism, and the Enlightenment

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

George Braziller, $7.50

American Values: Continuity and Change

RALPH H. GABRIEL

Greenwood Press, $13.50

The Segmented Society: An Historical Preface to the Meaning of America

ROBERT H. WIEBE

Oxford University Press, $7.95

Henry Steele Commager is frequently referred to as the dean of American historians. And rightfully so—at least in some respects. Although not a scholar in the strict sense of someone deeply engaged in original research, he is a literate, provocative, liberal voice who is passionately committed to democracy, believes in the pragmatic method of experimentation in working out solutions to political problems, and advocates the toleration of ideas, even those which might be thought of as "loathsome and fraught with death." That makes him, to use his own words, hostile to all forms of "audacities of Government," "pretensions of Authority," and the superstitions of ignorance." Perhaps more than any other modern American historian he periodically and regularly selects from the vast ocean of history what he thinks relevant to the present and in print and on TV interprets them in ways that will, in his mind, instruct and enlighten the American thinking public.

The present volume is a case in point. It is a collection of seven superbly crafted essays, all previously published and all but two written in the past few years. Commager seeks to reaffirm the fundamental principles of the Enlightenment, that 18th century intellectual outburst that trumpeted the laws of nature, the sovereignty of reason and the freedom of the mind. And freedom, as Commager understands it, meant "freedom from religious and social superstitions, freedom from the tyranny of the Church, the state and the academy, freedom to follow the teachings of science and of reason wherever they led." He argues that the Old World imagined the Enlightenment but that the New World realized it. Europe invented and formulated it, America absorbed and institutionalized it. The institutionalization in the United States, he says, was fundamentally political and constitutional as seen in the invention of the constitutional convention,

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the party system and a federal government with checks and balances, a bill of rights, judicial review and separated powers among the three branches. Where in Europe the Enlightenment directed men to improvement in the arts, learning and science, in America it meant wealth, material welfare, education and personal freedom and happiness. Commager sees Thomas Jefferson as the embodiment of the *American* Enlightenment and so the third President figures prominently in these essays. Which is not to deny the stature of Benjamin Franklin, whom even John Adams begrudgingly admitted had a reputation at the time more "universal" than that of Newton or Leibnitz or Voltaire.

In relating his comments and observations to the present, Commager asks some penetrating questions which he feels appropriate to the coming bicentenary. As we study the birth of the Republic, how, he asks, did we get from Independence Hall to Watergate, from Yorktown to Vietnam, from George Washington to Richard Nixon? In answering these questions—if indeed we can—then maybe there is a chance we might begin to restore the moral and intellectual world the Enlightenment created.

Thirty-five years ago Ralph Henry Gabriel published a book entitled *The Course of American Democratic Thought* that had a profound influence on the historical profession because of its pioneering attempt to trace the history of the influential ideas held by representative Americans since the beginning of the nineteenth century. He found the American democratic faith the unifying element of those ideas. Now in this collection of essays, all previously published in various forms, Gabriel continues his search into American values and their origins. They range from such topics as constitutional democracy, the Enlightenment tradition, and nationalism and the atom to the spiritual origins of American culture and changes in American thought produced by the Cold War. Of the eleven essays, perhaps the most useful is the last, entitled "Traditional Values in American Life" because of its length (over 60 pages) which gives the author room to expand his thoughts and because he attempts to summarize political, legal, religious, educational, social, scientific and economic values as well as values in international relations.

In a rather haphazard and disjointed introduction by the editor, Robert H. Walker, it is nonetheless made clear that Gabriel's methodology was perhaps his greatest stroke of originality. In seeking to discover basic American values, Gabriel looked for them in times of crises, for he believed that at such times leaders will appeal to fundamental convictions. In any national debate, he concluded, the arguments used by both sides will identify essential beliefs.

Because these essays were all written more than ten years ago they tend to be brightly optimistic. Writing in 1948, for example, he saw a similarity between America in the mid-20th century and the Enlightenment. America at mid-century might well come to be called the "New Enlightenment," he grandly predicted. In Gabriel's view the technological and scientific advances by the nation meant "we . . . have put our faith in reason." Our wars of "liberation" proclaimed our faith in the "rights of humanity." "We are," he said, "making a new world." But whatever happened to that new world?

> *Each generation has had to rediscover America, for its meaning has been a problem that could be neither ignored nor resolved. Americans pursued it so doggedly because so much depended upon an answer. Emotions that in another country might be apportioned among an established church, a social class, and a standing challenge to national boundaries, for example, concentrated with a peculiar, lone intensity on the presence of a whole America, on the imperative of creating and sustaining elementary confidence in a cohesive national society. Yet the sources of cohesion were forever elusive.*
>
> —The Segmented Society

In defining the meaning of America, Commager and Gabriel would undoubtedly describe it in terms of equal opportunity, equal rights, the advance of democracy in government and general economic prosperity. But Robert Wiebe, a younger and one of the most provocative (without being leftist) historians on the scene today, sees it differently. He believes the enduring quality of American society is its "segmentation." Now segmentation does not mean fragmentation. Rather it is the arrangement of small social units—what he calls primary circles of identity, values, associations and goals—that can "dominate the terms of their most important relationships with the outside world." These units include kinship, occupational, ethnic and locality affiliations, or combinations of these affiliations. In the 18th and 19th centuries they were communities constructed around intense religious beliefs, a marketing or administrative center or a parcel of land. Common to all these communities was a membership able to see their social unit as a self-contained system and recognize their relationships within it, as well as a set of indigenous institutions capable of managing its members' everyday activities.

Make sense? Well, this is not an easy book to read or comprehend, much less describe in a brief review. Wiebe concentrates this analysis on the 200 years since the American Revolution and identifies three distinctive social systems. The first runs through the 1790s, the second between the 1830s and 1890s and the third since the 1920s. The intervening years, according to Wiebe, mark the crucial transition from one social system to the next. He claims that five fundamental conditions of American life combined to form a base beneath these societies. They include the vast expanse of land, cultural diversity, military security, lack of extensive institutional frameworks and economic abundance. But the central fact of American society—the meaning of America—is the persistence of segmentation. Thus, what has held Americans

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together has been "their ability to live apart."

Whether one accepts the idea of a segmented society or the existence of three distinctive societies, there is a great deal here to think about and argue over. After all, discussions of the meaning of America don't come rattling down the pike every day. Unfortunately, many Americans have recently become rather cynical about that meaning, one of the most depressing consequences of Watergate. They no longer believe it took special qualities to build upon a superabundant land protected by two oceans. For them the dream of the 1940s, as Wiebe says, somehow turned into a nightmare thirty years later.

Healing

FRANCIS McNUTT, O.P.

Ave Maria Press, $3.50

Love Is The Healer

STELLA TERRILL MANN

Harper & Row, $5.95

CARLO A. WEBER

Back in 1961, Jerome Frank wrote a scholarly compendium of the healing arts. It was called *Persuasion and Healing*, and has long since become a classic, (reprinted in 1963, and revised in 1973). Realizing that all societies empowered certain persons, from Shamans to faith-healers, to heal sufferers by psychological means, Frank reviewed religious revivalists, thought reformers, healing rituals, the so-called *placebo* effect, all with the idea of identifying ways in which people heal other people through persuasion. Unfortunately, neither Ms. Mann nor Fr. McNutt appears aware of his work—at least they make no reference to it.

I am perseverating here about Frank's book, fully mindful of the venerable caution that we should beware the *homo unius libri*. Lamenting the absence of reference to Frank's work, however, is not, I believe, in this instance, just a nit-picking, academic exercise in bibliographical one-upmanship. It is a clue to the level of parochial enthusiasm *sans* wit that deprives these two otherwise interesting books of solid merit. Value, surely, they do have, and extraordinary timeliness when audiences are piqued by notions of spiritual possession, particularly diabolical, and the processes by which we either invoke the spirits or rid ourselves of them. To those seeking respite from boredom, political cynicism, and pain, each of these books, in quite different ways, has something positive to say.

McNutt's work stands on solid and rather fascinating theological ground; albeit in a few cases, the use of Sacred Scripture is accommodated. The famous identity passage in Luke, for example, 7:20-23 (p. 53), is essentially an identification of Jesus as the Messiah, by way of reference to a well-known prophecy, and not simply Jesus' claim to have cured the sick, assisted the blind to see, the lame to walk, etc. But let's not quibble; small exegetic points cannot distill the strength of McNutt's forcefully expressed basic tenet that the biblical perception of man was monistic. From that premise, he argues with vigor and clarity that the body and the soul are *not* separable, and therefore, Jesus "Yahweh is Salvation," came to save souls *and* bodies. A dualistic tradition, emerging largely from a Greek philosophy that tended to dichotomize mind and body, left us with a fragmented perception of man. Only in that context could we come to see Spirit as good and matter as evil.

As a corollary, McNutt quite accurately states: "I think it is only honest to say that most theologians and preachers in the Catholic Church have emphasized with great certainty Christ's desire to save souls and to take away sin, the sickness of the soul; but there has been no corresponding certainty about Christ's desire to heal the sickness of the body" (p. 61). "Jesus," McNutt argues, did not divide man as we so often do, into a soul to be saved and healed, and a body that is to suffer and remain unhealed. He came to save *persons*, not just souls" (p. 63).

McNutt's historical assessment is that the biblical view of man as a psychosomatic unit was later supplanted by Platonic and Manichean thought, which infected Christianity for ages, and, though repeatedly condemned, still remains with us in the form of Catholic Jansenism and Protestant Puritanism.

The chapter "Wholeness is Holiness" is a superb, if popular, theological summary. The crux, however, lies in several issues that really go beyond the premise that Jesus came to heal persons, bodies *and* souls. The argument is extended to state that the healing events of apostolic days should somehow continue to happen in the same way in our day. And this may or may not be so. At this point, propelled by the now familiar, but no less vehement, assault on the traditional ritualistic practices of religion, McNutt's work takes on an apologetic flavor. I would really have preferred to accept the unadorned premise that there is "healing" in the world, that we really don't know how it happens, but that we choose to accept it on faith and personal experience, rather than to have that frank statement buttressed (or adulterated) by rather strained logical arguments for specific forms of healing. The case would be stronger if left where I think Jesus chose to leave it, with a simple, nondefensive "Come and See!" Experience is far more important than logic.

But when an author insists upon deploying a logical argument, one cannot help but respond with questions about it. And this argument is awash with them. The question of why some are healed and others are not is never answered satisfactorily. And then, having summarily rejected the dualism of earlier philosophies, McNutt launches into his own kind of nominalism, describing among other things, "four basic kinds of healing, four basic kinds of prayer," and so on. These are neat taxonomies created by the same need for structure from which sprang the very dualism which McNutt decries in earlier passages.

He touches, of course, on the problem of suffering, as he must. At this point, I was reminded of a *sotto voce* comment made to me by a friend at

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the beginning of a well-intended sermon we were hearing. The preacher commenced rhetorically, after a good many announcements, with the question, "How can there be a just God, when there is so much suffering in the world . . .?" "My God," my friend whispered, "I think he's going to try to answer that . . ."—and in twenty minutes or less. In this matter, McNutt does no more poorly than others, and when confronted with the dilemma of suffering and healing, he, perhaps wisely, begs the question. If the sufferer is not cured by the healer, then we know that he was not curable because he did not have faith. When the sufferer *is* cured by the healer, it is because both have faith. This, of course, leaves the healer in the position of always being right. Those who indulge in the art of persuasion, be that healing, or psychotherapy, are generally inclined to this kind of rationalization. If in psychotherapy, for example, the client's anxiety lessens, one claims success because the symptoms are remitting; if on the other hand, the anxiety increases, it is, of course, because we are reaching the heart of the problem. No matter what happens, the therapist is right. In this kind of 'no-lose' situation, so also is the healer. Strangely too, in this context, there is little distinction made between the power of faith and self-fulfilling prophecies. Both suggest that what we believe will happen, will happen.

McNutt goes on to beg a few more questions. In attending to the discernment of spirits, a radically important issue, McNutt bypasses the question of the primary diagnosis. He takes discernment to mean the business of identifying the right kind of prayer for the occasion, leaving gently aside the question of whether faith-healing or medical intervention is in order. It is a scarcely sufficient resolution to say that the individual needs both. If so, we can never know whether the cure was a function of the healer or the physician. Quite possibly, it is not important to know that—at least, it is not important to the patient. But if one writes an apologia, then it does become important, and for purely scientific reasons, we must work towards a primary diagnosis, and an analysis of contributing factors for the cure.

The problem is that McNutt tries to explain experience with a careful logical argument from a scriptural base. I do not question the scriptural base; and am most inclined to accept the conclusion that healings take place. But neither McNutt nor the patient nor science need a loosely constructed logical explanation for them. He also leaves unattended problems about tragic failures in faith healing, many of which are also recorded. The unfortunate result is that a reductionistic explanation has the effect of diluting the strength of a simple straightforward narrative of the healing processes themselves.

What McNutt attempts to prove, Ms. Mann, in her book, *Love is the Healer*, simply describes in something of a cookbook on how to perform the acts. Like so many "how to do it" books, this one is replete with as many cases and clichés that one could possible squeeze into 130 pages. And yet, a cliché would not be a cliché if it were not true, and sometimes a single case says more than a thousand logical treatises. To say that love is the healer of loneliness, of physical illness, of poverty, of ignorance, of grief, of old age, is true in all cases. But all of these healings reflect, as far as the healer or therapist is concerned, the fact that the power experienced in the person of the healer or therapist is somehow communicated to the other, who feels helpless, ill, incapable. And in that communication, the weak become strong. That is essentially the message of Mann's book, a collection of anecdotes and recipes drawn from her own practice and experience. But the recipes are likely to work only when the chef has certain notable gifts; it is not to be recommended for the Sunday cook. For it is not the axiom that cures, but the person. And what emerges from Ms. Mann's book is the person, charismatic, powerful, convinced of herself, and because she is that, a woman who undoubtedly does heal. In both books, the phenomenon of healing emerges clearly. In one, the logic is a bit contrived, but the theological premises are strong. In the second, the admonitions are old, but a person emerges. But neither of them reduces, nor perhaps should they reduce, the essential mystery inherent in the art of persuasion and healing.

The Irish

THOMAS J. O'HANLON

Harper & Row, $12.50

VIVIAN MERCIER

"All Cretans are liars; I am a Cretan." Remember this ancient catch-22 as you read Thomas J. O'Hanlon's appendix entitled "Notes on Sources." The opening sentence runs, "As befits a nation of poets, the Irish treat facts and statistics as raw material for the construction of a pleasing portrait." O'Hanlon is no poet, but he leaves us in little doubt that he is Irish: in fact, he admits at one point that he still carries an Irish passport. Yet his frankness is misleading, for he forgets to remind us that facts and statistics can be used just as "poetically" to construct an *un*pleasing portrait. Anybody looking for an impartial study of contemporary Ireland had better leave O'Hanlon's thinly-disguised rationalization of a personal love-hate relationship severely alone. Where objective facts and statistics are lacking in behalf of what he wants to believe, O'Hanlon falls back happily on subjective judgments, gossip, or a current Dublin witticism. Look at p. 16 for instance: there he states quite correctly that the Irish spend eleven percent of their disposable income on alcohol, but he also pontificates as follows, "The population of Dublin, as I can attest from experience and observation, consumes more Librium, Valium and other forms of tranquilizers per capita than the residents of any other city. . . ." ("Do you want to be Pope, O'Hanlon?" "No, thanks, I'd sooner remain infallible.")

O'Hanlon speaks of the "inability of the Irish to finalize . . . a system of

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priorities" as "another symptom of . . . national breakdown." One might wonder whether the British or the Americans have any clearer idea of their true priorities; it is more relevant to ask what O'Hanlon's own priorities are. He complains about the decline of rural Ireland, while conceding that the Irish Republic is the poorest of the European Economic Community countries simply because she has the highest percentage of families engaged in agriculture. On the other hand, when anybody in the Irish countryside shows signs of making money, O'Hanlon laments the pollution of the lakes with pig slurry. He compares the new, hygienic indoor cattle marts unfavorably with the jollity of the old cattle fairs that left the Market Square of every Irish town ankle-deep in cow dung and every saloon full of quarrelsome drunks, either once a week or once a month. Quite apart from these subjective judgments, O'Hanlon often gets his facts wrong: he says "the majority of Irish farmers still operate on tracts of thirty acres or less," whereas the Agricultural Institute's figures for 1973 show that only 35 percent of the farms in the Republic are this small; many of their owners are of course not full-time farmers. In fact, Ireland has the third-largest average farm size in the E.E.C., being surpassed only by Britain and France.

It may be a waste of time and energy taking the trouble to contradict O'Hanlon when he so casually and almost lightheartedly contradicts himself. On p. 192 he writes: "De Valera set a political style of indecision, vagueness, vacillation, caprice, and cajolery that others adopted." Four pages later he remarks, "Cosgrave is said to be an efficient chairman at Cabinet meetings but decidedly lacking in the single-mindedness of a de Valera." All through the book he complains about censorship of all the media by church and state, only to say of the Republic's favorite TV talk show, "The Late Late Show," and its host, Gay Byrne, "Sex and religion, the old staples, ensure that the ratings remain high." He represents Frank Hall, writer and host of "Hall's Illustrated Weekly," as constantly frustrated by censorship, without ever quite admitting that few American TV stations would accept anything so satirical and scatological during prime time—or any other time; yet the "Weekly" appears on Government-operated TV regularly at 8.30 p.m. during the season.

Ignorance —as well as his characteristic free-floating aggression—vitiates most of what O'Hanlon says about the arts and the media in Ireland. For instance, "Selected foreign artists receive tax-free status from the government (the list of those who receive this favor is secret)." Very sinister it sounds. In fact, artists and writers, both Irish and foreign, are granted exemption from taxes on income earned by their artistic or scholarly work only, provided that they reside in Ireland for six months or more each year. The selection of those to be exempted is carried out by the Arts Council of the Republic. Again, "The Irish theatre, some say, is in crisis. Part of the problem is that the Irish government has been niggardly in its financial support." Some Dubliners would say that, on the contrary, the Abbey Theatre is now suffering from too much subsidy and too much concomitant bureaucracy. In any case, rest assured that not merely the percentage but the *per capita* contribution of the Irish taxpayer to the arts is far higher than that of his opposite number in the U.S. O'Hanlon may be correct in saying that the Irish do not appreciate the understated style of Samuel Beckett and Brian Moore, but on the next page he describes John B. Keane's gloomy melodrama *Sive* as "a hymn to the life of the Irish tinker." Perhaps he really means Bryan MacMahon's *The Honey Spike*. At least Keane and MacMahon live in the same town—Listowel, Co. Kerry—a fact which gives the statement a slightly higher level of accuracy than some of O'Hanlon's fabrications from the whole cloth.

At moments, a reviewer of this book feels like the psychiatrist whose duty, as he sees it, is to point out that the boy who fractured his mother's skull with the TV set was only trying to get her attention. There is a passage on pp. 220-221 about O'Hanlon's personal experience of Irish family life that I have not the heart to quote. No wonder his attitude to Mother Ireland is highly ambivalent. And certainly the old lady is not without blemish. O'Hanlon is a member of the editorial board of *Fortune*, for which he wrote an exposé of that worldwide underground operation, the sale of Irish Hospitals' Sweepstakes tickets. He re-uses some telling examples of Irish Double Think—and double-talk—on the subject, including a quote from a Monsignor saying that "through the efforts of the Irish people and in their own characteristic way, the sick in Ireland have come into their own and are treated as human beings and Christians." Nevertheless, having just undergone a major operation in an Irish hospital run by an order of nuns, rather than have it performed in any American hospital, precisely because I knew that I would be treated as a human being and a Christian (however imperfect and Laodicean), I frankly don't care if the Sweepstakes *is* a racket.

Drawing on another *Fortune* article of his own writing, "The Long Reach of Tony O'Reilly," O'Hanlon shows the shaky nature of much of Ireland's new prosperity, based on enormous tax concessions to attract what may be fly-by-night foreign capital. Great fortunes are being made in Ireland nowadays, almost all of them based on speculation in land, houses, and securities. No country needs a capital-gains tax more; fortunately, we may have one by the time this review appears in print. When Sean Lemass and T.K. Whitaker decided in 1957 that the Irish economy must be forced to grow by hook or by crook, they must have known the risks they were taking. But what was the alternative? "In the fifties," writes O'Hanlon, "Dublin was, to speak kindly of the place, a small somnolent capital city of a country that had lost its nerve." Exaggerated, like most of his sentences, but close to the bone. Ireland had retained what Americans would call a Depression mentality since the 1930s. In the arts, after a brief wartime and postwar flare-up, maga-

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zines were folding right and left and censorship seemed triumphant. Significantly, O'Hanlon himself left Ireland for the U.S. in 1957, the darkest hour before the dawn. I think he is still soured by his memories of youth and adolescence, besides being a little envious of present-day Irish cockiness. "The Irish . . . hate to be bothered with facts, especially if those facts crack the hard shell of their own preconceptions. And among those preconceptions is the notion that, given a chance, they can hold their own with any other people." O'Hanlon's preconceptions run the other way: what right has Tony O'Reilly to be president of H.J. Heinz? Or, for that matter, what right has Tom O'Hanlon to be on the editorial board of *Fortune* or "giving out" about the Irish in a bloody big book that costs what would have been a good week's wages in the Ireland of his youth? Consistent in his inconsistency, O'Hanlon writes a final chapter that goes out for laughs and ends with the perennial Irish phrase, "Things could be worse." I suppose I can say the same about his book, but the best things in it are the photographs by Frank Monaco.

Our Friend, Jacques Maritain

JULIE KERNAN

Doubleday, $7.95

Raissa's Journal

PRESENTED BY JACQUES MARITAIN

Magi Books, $12.95

BARBARA MUTKOSKI

Although Jacques Maritain's motto "Woe to me if I do not Thomisticize" is not the resounding call in our university halls these days, his life and his works are still subjects of interest and discussion. "A philosopher," Maritain once wrote in *An Introduction to Philosophy*, "is a man humanly wise." The portrait which Julie Kernan gives us in her personal memoir is of a man who fits that definition. The profoundly human dimension of Maritain's character, his ardent search for truth, his gentle and compassionate nature, his "genius for friendship" are rendered by Miss Kernan with simplicity and warmth.

The memoir is an interesting compendium of the various reminiscences on the Maritains. Jacques' *Carnet de Notes* (1965) and Raissa Maritain's *We Have Been Friends Together* (1942) and *Adventures in Grace* (1945) provide early, first-person accounts of their lives. Miss Kernan's concise memoir spans a broader period and her selective omniscience permits a more objective, comprehensive point of view. With obvious sympathy, she traces the Maritains' lives from childhood, through the fifty-six years of their marriage, to their deaths in 1960 and 1973.

The book is well organized, simply and lucidly written. I would hesitate to speak of it as an intellectual history, which its jacket suggests. Charles Fecher's *The Philosophy of Jacques Maritain* and various other critical studies trace Maritain's intellectual journey with more precision. It is clear from Miss Kernan's foreword that she is not attempting to recount such an odyssey. The book accurately sketches the associations and events which form the background of Maritain's thinking and writings, but its forte lies in the charming touches which convey the warmth and vitality of the Maritain household.

During the years preceding World War II, an incessant stream of visitors came to their home at 10 Rue Parc, Meudon. It was here that the first center for Thomistic study began. The guests were a mélange of students, professors, philosophers, writers and artists. A Sunday afternoon in the Maritain living room might bring together such diverse personages as: Georges Rouault, Igor Stravinsky, Gabriel Marcel, Max Jacob, Marc Chagall, Gino Severini and Jean Cocteau.

The book follows a chronological sequence. Raissa and Jacques meet as students at the Sorbonne. Despairing over the skepticism of their age, they resolve to commit suicide if they cannot find meaning for the word "truth," or for the presence of so much evil and injustice in the world. The lectures of Henri Bergson and the novels of Leon Bloy provide crucial turning points in their lives. Bergson affirms their search for the absolute, and Bloy calls them to Catholicism. Subsequent chapters cover their "enforced exile" in America during the Second World War, Jacques' ambassadorship to the Vatican at the request of General de Gaulle, and his professorship at Princeton. Raissa died soon after the Maritains' return to France in 1960. Nine years later, Jacques—the "inveterate layman"—entered the Congregation of the Little Brothers of Jesus.

The inception of *Raissa's Journal* took place one afternoon in the summer of 1961. Maritain had returned from a quiet visit to the little village cemetery in the French countryside where his wife lay buried. Antoinette Grunelius, a close friend of the Maritains, put into his hands a bundle of notebooks and papers which had been entrusted to her care before Raissa's death. The envelopes were marked: "To keep, perhaps," or "For Jacques to look over." In these envelopes Maritain found masses of memoranda, brief essays and thoughts on spiritual subjects.

After a year of careful editing, Maritain printed 250 copies for private distribution to his friends. Julie Kernan tells us in *Our Friend, Jacques Maritain* that "on every side Jacques was urged to make the Journal public." We are told, however, on the book jacket of the English edition that initial reaction of such friends as Thomas Merton was that these notes were "too powerful and too searing to be made public," even though he felt enormously privileged to read them himself. Others expressed much the same reaction, although in almost every case—we are told—such friends had second thoughts and encouraged Jacques to allow a regular edition of *Raissa's Journal.* Maritain died in 1973 and was not to see the public edition released. No longer in manila envelopes, Raissa's notes lie neatly bound on reviewers' desks. Yet the same silent legend seems

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etched on its cover: "To be published, perhaps."

The notebooks concern Raissa's intimate spiritual experiences. They span the years from 1906 to 1926. Also collected are fragments from a diary kept in 1931, loose leaves, complementary notes, and brief writings of various later dates. As Jacques himself tells us in his footnotes: "The Journal is essentially to do with spiritual life; external events only play in it an altogether secondary part." The initial sections deal with Raissa's conversion, baptism and first communions, her commitment to silent prayer (*oraison*) and quiet absorption in God (*recueillement*). Raissa's vocation, as she sees it, is to lead a contemplative life in the world. Fr. René Voillaume relates this in his Preface to the book: "Raissa knows that she is called to a contemplative life in the world, in that very setting—the realm of artists, poets and philosophers—where all that is best and most disturbing in the world is at its peak point of attraction and danger."

In 1912, Jacques and Raissa made a vow of chastity in their marriage. Raissa speaks in her notebooks of "renouncing the good things of this world" in order to clear the way completely for contemplation and union with God. The dualism which plagues her is made explicit in a note written in 1934: "I know now that there is *this* world, and the world of Jesus—and that they are opposed to one another." What one finds in Raissa's notebooks is a constant tension between her life in the secular world and her call to complete absorption in Christ. Although the external events recorded in her two previous memoirs reflect a deep interest in poetry, art and music, her Journal shows a scrupulous resistance to the comforts and pleasures of the world. "The demands of the contemplative life: not to seek consolation from any creature. And consolations are not sought, 'use them as if not using them.' If a soul introduced into the mystical life does not rigorously observe these rules, it wounds the jealous God who loves it." Because Raissa's concept of God is that of a jealous master, she attempts to give herself to Him in a more complete way by "great restraint in the display of affection" to those she loves. "Not to pour out my heart on creatures, even if the affection is in the order of charity."

Once one accepts the dichotomy of world and spirit, the logical conclusion for anyone seeking perfection is to deny the world. Any conjunction between the world of Jesus and this world seems impossible. Thus, her entry in 1934: "Terrible ordeal in silent prayer. Felt all the bitterness of death. God asks of me more than my life: to accept living death, existence in a barren desert." And finally, "Human felicity has no place in my destiny."

> *I know that there is* this *world, and the world of Jesus—and that they are opposed to one another.*
>
> The world of Jesus *is quantitatively very small: the salt of the earth, the pinch of leaven which makes the whole dough rise. It comprises those who let themselves be conformed to Him. These are his true imitators and his co-operators in salvation.*
>
> *As to* this world, *it and all its beauty are sustained by the world of Jesus. Until death, when salvation is wrought for all those whom God loves and whom* he does not judge. *Love is incapable of* judging.
>
> *One can also say that there are two categories of men: those who—what mystery!—are capable of assimilating sin, and those who are not capable of doing so (by virtue of some mystery of predestination . . .).*
>
> —Raissa's Journal

Despite Maritain's painstaking editing, the book remains disjointed. The entries are sporadic and the general coherence is poor. What is more disappointing, however, is that one misses the sense of lightness and poetic delicacy attending Raissa's earlier personal memoirs, both of which were intended for publication. Raissa was an avowed poet, yet the poems which appear in her Journal are often devoid of concrete images. They are highly abstract. The author speaks of the concepts of good and evil, truth and error. Rarely do her lines contain image-bearing words. God is present to her through the mind and dimly, at times, through the spirit, but never through the senses. The visible universe recedes. Unlike Hopkins who saw Christ playing in ten thousand places, the sensate world has no place in Raissa's poetry. One finds oneself longing for an occasional "dappled thing" or for "skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow," or for Cummings' praise of God for "the leaping greenly spirits of trees."

Jacques believed that *Raissa's Journal* would be a source of light and inspiration for others. Yet Raissa's spiritual journey, I'm afraid, will provide very few guideposts for the post-Vatican II layperson. Ironically, the Journal may indeed effect the good which Maritain sought in publishing it by raising serious questions concerning man's concept of God and the layperson's relationship to the world.

Of Earth

DOUGLAS WORTH

Wm. L. Bauhan, Pub., $3.95 (paper)

To Open

SAMUEL MENASHE

Viking, $6.95

The Fisherman's Whore

DAVID SMITH

Ohio U. Press, $5

Atlantic Wall

ROSALIE L. COLIE

Princeton U. Press, $7.50 ($2.95 paper)

Presentation Piece

MARILYN HACKER

Viking Press, $6.95

MICHAEL HEFFERNAN

It is by no means gratifying to have to render an unfavorable judgment of these first two books by Douglas Worth

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and Samuel Menashe, since they are both so obviously attractive and compelling. As the blurbs mention, the poems in *Of Earth* are filled with genuineness, gentleness and "real feeling," so plentifully and convincingly that one wishes they were better poems—that they went beyond these heartening advantages, took advantage of them, took some risks with the art itself and avoided lapsing so often and so easily into the feeling-is-first simplicity that has produced so much of the gentleness, genuineness, etc. that underlie, and undermine, so many of the worst poems in the language. The most engaging of Worth's poems make up a sequence called "Notes from an Unborn Father," about the birth of his son. Apart from some moments when he simply can't refrain from giving us all goosebumps—"we are one another/ we must try not to turn/ from ourselves"—Worth has possibly established at least an authentic base for poetry, though I wish the poems themselves possessed the freshness and vitality of the child they celebrate. Similarly, I look in vain for what that gracious, gentle man Stephen Spender had in mind when he wrote these words for Menashe's *To Open*:"Here is a poet who compresses thoughts and sensations into language intense and clear as diamonds"—especially when I open the book, more or less at random, only to be dazzled by such a diamond as this:

DUSK
Voices
rise
from
earth
into
night

The dust-jacket warns that "one shouldn't be fooled by the seedlike forms and the minimal style, for Menashe is able to build on his tiny scale some of the most exquisite poetic structures in our language." After looking at "Dusk" a dozen times, I recognize that it is minimal enough but, as for style and structure, I am utterly at a loss to find them. Almost all the poems in *To Open* occupy small spaces on better than a hundred separate expanses of good white paper: perhaps if he tried using up a little more space in order to test some of the larger intricacies of the language, Menashe might one day achieve a poem of consequence. All in all, tough as it is to say it, Worth's and Menashe's books are both thin soup, despite the warmth they both give off, or mean to. The poem in these days needs more than warmth to keep it living. Light is another consequence of fire, and without light we all are cold cave-fishes after all.

Dave Smith's *The Fisherman's Whore* is stronger stuff, exposing a gift of the kind reviewers often think "needs to be reckoned with"—in Smith's case not only by his readers and his contemporaries but by Dave Smith himself. The driving energy in his poems is a fusion of poetry and prose—the best elements of the cadenced line poised among the subtle transformations of the variable syntax a good fictionist uses. Many of these poems are stories or parts of stories, most of them Tidewater Virginia in locale, a place Smith has begun to stake out with an eye for detail and human nuance not unlike Faulkner's or Robinson Jeffers' —and in fact there are whole poems of his that could sit with no apology beside passages from "Roan Stallion" or "Spotted Horses"—his language is alive in that way, not especially poem or prose one way or the other but, as William Carlos Williams used to say, it is all "writing," and in Smith's work writing of a large variety, writing to be reckoned with. Perhaps it isn't fair to attempt quotation from a book as big and various as *The Fisherman's Whore*, especially since several of the more sizable pieces, like "Captain Carmines' Death Song" and "A Daylight Lady" (about a woman who cannibalized her fiancé aboard a drifting ship in 1826), are so carefully interknit that quotation would convey only a weak impression of their character. Here are two small passages, nevertheless, which give some idea of the way this remarkable writer puts his words together. The first is from "The Wives at Old Point Comfort":

On the last day they wake, like knives,
all knees and ribs and teeth cutting
the fishermen free of the sheets
and the flies banging on the screens
where the summer is storming.

Each one pretends her eyes are closed
as she stares at the man she must remember
at this table, before the hated bacon,
the plate of bleeding, dazzled eggs.

And this from "Lael's Song," the last poem in the book, addressed to a baby before she is born:

Keep kicking for it is time to say
the edge of the plain breaks, cars
begin to thud toward the first light,

and as the shrouding shadows cramp,
already there is a mothering wind
unhooding like an angel in a room,
and a father dropping doorkeys

in the unimaginable dawn, a man
who rubs his eyes and grins as
steam breaks through a station-house
and all creation steps down safe.

It might be good to take Williams at his word and discard the term "poetry" altogether. When words are writing of the first order, how does it make them any better to call them poetry?

Unfortunately, Rosalie L. Colie's publishers present her posthumous single volume of poems as a kind of memorial footnote to her presumably more substantial work as "a noted historian of Renaissance English literature and scholar of comparative literature." These poems deserve to be remembered as the work of a poet who happened to be a scholar who not only knew the language and its literature but could make that language turn some corners of her own:

Your ribcage holds a violent animal in
That at its gentlest knocks the livelong night
To be let out, to be let out to fly.

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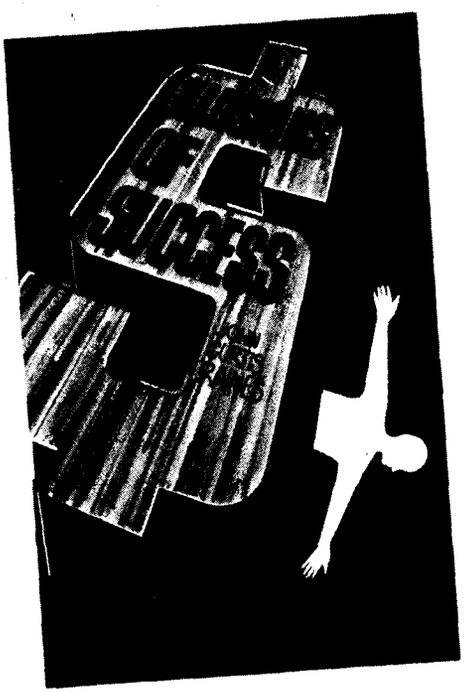
It seems also a little ridiculous to have to make conspicuous the fact that all the poems in *Atlantic Wall* are traditional in form, several of them sonnets, all in meter, and a few in forms like *ottava rima* that haven't been seen much (outside of Yeats) all century. No one need apologize for Rosalie Colie or any other artist who chose to work in a style that was not "fashionable." Considering the whole problem of artistic fashion, I have to wonder what it was that kept the citizens of Chartres from razing one of those two steeples in two different styles that rise incongruously above one building. Some of our "modern" enthusiasm involves too often a pointless intolerance of the real inventions of the past. Those who can hear might listen to Rosalie Colie's voice—witty, sensuous, elegant, at times, admittedly, a little overelegant, but always close to speech and always serenely well-spoken. This title poem, especially, deserves a reading.

Marilyn Hacker's work is much closer to modernism than Rosalie Colie's, and yet among the most impressive things in *Presentation Piece* are the seven sestinas she has managed to place among the prodigious pages of this remarkable first book—seven delightful, dexterous, almost offhanded renderings of the toughest form the English poets brought home in their saddlebags from the south of France—the kind of poem worth trying at least once, and if you are a poet of special invention, why not try it seven times? Along with the sestinas are several sonnets, including a "crown" of sonnets—all in a contemporary voice, however strictly patterned—a couple of villanelles, numerous pieces in other forms, and a good many in the most supple free-verse. From the sound of it this may seem a collection of school-figures, and Ms. Hacker, indeed, has made a stunning first impression; but it seems to me a healthy sign that a younger poet should have expended what must have been an enormous inventive energy in order to make just a first impression of this magnitude. It reveals both intelligence and respect for intelligence—both her own and her reader's. I myself am tired of the talky, sloppy, thrown-together plain-songs we are given by nine-tenths of the poets who constitute the various "scenes" of contemporary poetry. Reading Marilyn Hacker's book makes me realize, as if for the first time, that so much of the stuff so many of the others give us is dull and painful and downright hurtful to the spirit, because it derides the spirit in the most unedifying way, and then insults my intelligence by presuming I will call it poetry. Poetry is an art and the art comes by intelligence: Marilyn Hacker knows that, and as a result—sestinas aside—she gives us poems that are flawless acts of speech as well as works of art in the strongest possible sense: she is at work in these poems and what she is working is the art—working it, putting it to the test, but not working it over. I hope some others of her generation may observe how much her work has strengthened the art they say they practice. A little work wouldn't kill them either.



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A Strategy for the Future: The Systems Approach to World Order

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and HARRY H. TARG

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JAMES F. McCUE

The future is very much with us. As the myths of endless technological progress and inevitable plenty give way to more apocalyptic visions, many of us, I suppose, have been coming to believe that life for our children will be, by the conventional yardsticks at least, worse than it has been for us, and for our grandchildren unimaginably so. That the future is out of control and will not be benign is becoming the ominous background of much of our everyday pleasantry. It is not surprising, therefore, that there is presently emerging a large literature on the future.

One wave of such literature has already gone past—Richard Falk's *Endangered Planet* (1971), the Meadows' et. al. *Limits to Growth* (1972)—the principal aim of which was and is to alert people to the problems. The two books reviewed here are part of a second wave. They suppose a readership that is already convinced of the gravity and inescapability of the problems, and try to push on from there. Alas, the problems are much easier to describe than to solve, and both books are, though quite different from each other, alike in their failure to come up with anything very promising.

This is strikingly the case with the Laszlo book. With great ingenuity and single-mindedness, Laszlo lays out a design for a World Homeostat System (WHS), which is in essence a mechanism that will both provide information relative to the total planetary condition to the basic small components of that system, and show the potential impacts on global well-being of the choices available to these constituent units. The basic assumption is that the human world is a system, and that like all systems it will use information to work out the most satisfactory arrangement possible with its environment. Though Laszlo devotes considerable space to transition strategies, these are curiously apolitical. It is the transitional computerization that is considered. But the basic assumptions about the human animal are never faced, are never really articulated, and they are questionable assumptions indeed.

For Laszlo's WHS presupposes a world of utilitarian saints, desirous of realizing the greatest good for the greatest number. His "global information agency operates as a super wire-service but uses the latest communications equipment, has direct and automatic access to essential data, and is restricted to the mandated functional areas (it does not interfere with the internal security and nonrelevant domestic affairs of nations)" (p. 133). But this presupposes that information is unstained by ideology, that a never yet realized level of trust among nations has been arrived at (so that each surrenders the data that is "essential" and trusts others to do the same and not to seek unfair advantage under the guise of "internal security and nonrelevant domestic affairs"). Laszlo simply does not face up coherently to the possibility that it might be (or appear to be) to the advantage of groups to seek their narrow self-interest at the expense of everyone else. He concedes that it is unrealistic to expect effective world government within the next hundred years, and seems inclined to suppose that a global coercive authority would be undesirable anyway. The WHS "must govern in the functional sense of steering processes away from inherently dangerous paths rather than in the traditional sense of exercising power and authority for the sake of their self-perpetuation" (pp. 58-59). But in a footnote he assumes that by the year 2000 disarmament agreements will have been reached reducing the nuclear stockpiles of the great powers, and the non-government which he is proposing will have a nuclear deterrent "not . . . sufficient to impose a nuclear blackmail on the rest of the world, but *merely* to exceed the striking capacity of any given nation" (p. 167, emphasis added). The OSSC (Optimum-State Steering Committee), an organ of WHS, "does not interfere with the social and political principles of particular societies unless they thwart the basic needs of their members or prevent other societies from meeting their own quotas of need-fulfillment" (p. 157).

The problems that confront proponents of world government are dodged by admitting that world government is unrealistic, utopian in the pejorative sense, and then endowing the "world guidance system" with the basic attributes of sovereignty. I don't deny that WHS would need those attributes to function, but neither do I see how the problems are solved simply by dressing world government up in a systems-language disguise.

Unfortunately Laszlo is so fascinated with the details of his proposal that the basic social, political, and cultural issues are ignored. We are told, for example, that the WHS executives will begin their work in temporary headquarters, that the Input Monitor (=The General Secretariat) will have its own megacomputer, that information will flow in "oral, written, or electronically transmitted forms" (p. 152). But the details are finally only a distraction, which allow Laszlo to avoid asking why the Soviet Union or the United States can be expected to hand over nuclear ultimacy to the WHS executives and their megacomputers; or why the citizens of either of those two powers can be expected to seek equality with the poor and powerless of Bangladesh or the Sahel.

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The Targ and Beres book is of quite a different sort. It is much more modest in purpose, to "lead students to the conceptualization and investigation of alternative world futures" (p. ix). To this end we are given, in the first (Targ) half of the book, a survey of social criticism, utopian literature, varied alternatives-to-the-status-quo kinds of thinking. In the second (Beres) half of the book, one dimension of the world's problem, war and war prevention, is looked at from the point of view of the actors, processes, context, and structures involved, this to provide the reader with a way of thinking through whatever hypothetical world futures he or she may come up with.

There is an unjelled quality about both halves and their conjunction. The material is not quite focused for its purposes. The level of exposition throughout most of the book is fairly elementary, a couple of pages describing More's *Utopia*, the same for Theodore Roszak and Thomas Hobbes, and would seem designed for a general college-freshmen-like audience. But after the reader has accumulated the information the reader is left at sea as to how this is now to enrich thinking about the future, or how thinking about the future can be (can it?) a political act and not merely a diversion in hard times. The authors emphasize, rightly I think, the need for personal or individual response and responsibility. But they don't suggest any plausible ways in which thinking about alternative futures can move beyond the private and the futile.

It might be suggested, in conclusion, that Laszlo must go back and consider with some care the assumptions without which his proposal cannot be taken seriously. Targ and Beres have to go ahead to consider more carefully and usefully how the material which they have assembled can be directed toward bringing about change.

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REVIEWERS

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 323)

Priests: Does Philadelphia Have A Message For Rome?" As you know, the word "priest" is not used in the New Testament to describe ecclesiastical office. The movement by the Holy Spirit only begs the question. What on a natural plane lies behind the "Holy Spirit?" If the attraction to the priesthood is economic, i.e., its material affluence (as measured by real income), its economic security, and the clerical-caste culture, this is at least understandable. If the attraction is psychological, the absence of family responsibility, and the camaraderie of bachelors living together, the induction of women might enliven or spoil all those parties, depending on the parties.

But the rising incidence of the so-called hyphenated priests in such full-time occupations as politician, secular journalist, and even circus clown (all white-collar, unlike their mentors' blue-collar occupations, such as carpenter and fishermen), is not a tribute to their versatility but a blazing sign of their self-deception. Do women really want to enter an occupation which has been for some time in an identity crisis? There are to be sure full-time, unambiguous roles for ministry and religious education, and many priests perform these. But the difference between priest and layman in Catholicism has been a substantive one, unlike the difference between minister or rabbi which has been functional.

The explanation that women have not been permitted into priesthood because of a culture-limited history may have some merit, but their exclusion has been rationalized along theological lines, and has current support in Cardinal Krol's weekly newspaper. The Achilles heel of the women-priest movement, however, is the deification of a man by the orthodox institutional churches, a problem which Judaism and Islam have never had. Do the feminists plan to follow the liberal branches of Christianity by de-deifying Jesus? Unless they have some such plan in mind, women as priests would still be second-class citizens in the church.

The concept of the univeral priesthood may be practiced in mainstream Protestantism and Judaism, but in Catholicism it is purely nominal. If women want to become priests, let them declare themselves as such. If they would like to see a change in the Catholic canon permitting only the

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ordination of men, let them form a national, financial boycott of the institutional church. Such a strategy is likely to get a telephone call to Rome much more quickly than any feminist group's knocking on the door of Cardinal Krol's mansion on City Line. In Philadelphia the Cardinal has yet to permit Saturday evening masses; it is rather unlikely that he will be receptive to women's celebrating Sunday morning masses. If Philadelphia has a message for Rome, it's "Right On!"

ROBERT LYON

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: One possibility that seems to have eluded the author of "Women-Priests" [June 20] but which could reasonably occur to one upon more considered reflection, is that women might be expected, upon the basis of past human experience, eventually to enter the priesthood and even to exercise a considerable influence therein precisely because the clergy have been relegated to a largely secondary and intellectually indifferent role in the evolution of civilization.

In other words, the leadership of society has quite clearly passed by the ministries of any and every denomination; the young genius who would opt for physics, art, or literature as a vocation is indeed conceivable, but one of that class who would choose the Christian priesthood has become so improbable as to suggest the ludicrous. The spiritual leadership of modern Italy has descended upon neo-Marxists, that of England upon a mixed breed of post-Fabians, analysts, and technicians, and in America upon a more eclectic group of secularists still—while Russia and China speak for themselves—but who is so reckless an apologist as to claim for the clergy a position of eminence or esteem in Western civilization? Who is such a liar as to aver that they deserve such an honor?

Rather it is the case that, with Whitehead, we remember with amazement the time when a "great man" (in this instance, Berkeley) might also have been a bishop—instead of that more modern probability, portrayed by H. L. Mencken, when the scion of several generations of bitter social struggle assumes a miter only to complacently reiterate with drab gracelessness stultifying dogmas that, at one time at least, had the force of arrogance and the power of style. (In Mencken's example that meant retrograde clerical inanities directed against the vivid realities of biological evolution.)

Hence is it not likely that even in entering the priesthood in large numbers, woman, as in her analogous position in the Soviet medical profession, would still be equidistant from 20th century prestige, creativity, and spiritual astronautics? Isn't even the controversy generated by such a prospect, to most of the world outside the Church, like the most recent great tempestuousness in a quaint teacup?

NORRIS MERCHANT

Fetal Life

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: While it is unfortunately true that some pro-free-choice advocates have allowed themselves to be trapped into the mistake of arguing that the fetus is not human life, it is not true that such "forces [incorrectly characterized as 'pro-abortion' by the Bergers, Apr. 25] have consistently maintained that there is no way to determine when human life begins."

Garrett Hardin reminded us long ago that human life does not begin at some identifiable point (e.g., conception, viability, etc.) but that it began millennia ago and simply continues. The sperm and ova of the human are human life; the fertilized ovum is human life. The question is, at what point do we choose to recognize that developing life as a person? It should be abundantly clear by now that there is no consensus in answering this question—which is one of values, not of fact.

In a pluralistic, democratic society the pro-free-choice advocates argue that those who believe the pre-viable fetus (the only one concerned in the medical definition of abortion) is a person should be free to act on that belief.

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For example, medical personnel having that belief should not be expected to perform abortions. But those (equally moral, equally decent, equally religious) who do not believe the pre-viable fetus to be a person should not be forced by law to act as if they did.

To repeat: the personhood of the fetus is a matter of faith, not fact. Why should the faith of some be made a legal requirement for all? Aren't we all, Right to Life and Right to Choose alike, protected from the undesirable development by the First Amendment?

(MS.) JIMMYE KIMMEY
Executive Director
Assn. for the Study of Abortion, Inc.

Indochinese Orphans

Saxton's River, Vt.

To the Editors: The strong criticism by Caritas and other spokesmen against wholesale transportation of Vietnamese and Cambodian children for adoption in the United States, reported in News and Views of May 9, seems based on generalizations to the point of abstraction, oblivious to realities in the situation of the war orphans of Indochina.

Adoption may well be "contrary to the cultural traditions of the Vietnamese people" as stated by Msgr. Grange, but according to eyewitness reports from agency personnel who have been visiting Vietnam for several years and arranging adoptions, the orphanages and hospitals there were terribly overcrowded and understaffed, with only the most meager care of babies and children possible to keep some of them alive. American families who have adopted in recent years have been prepared for the shocks awaiting them when they went to the airport to meet their new member. One healthy wall climber now twenty months old had arrived at seven months weighing eleven pounds, severely undernourished, anemic, with intestinal parasites and pneumonia. She had never tasted solid food, nor mother's milk since her first few days, and her caretakers had been too pressed with supplying bottles and diapers to rows of babies, to offer hugs and play. Different versions of the same story are multiple.

How could relatives or communities take care of homeless children when relatives had been killed, villages and districts and homes wiped out? Have we been misinformed that racial pride in Vietnam often prevented acceptance of children with black fathers?

It seems strange that the objections raised to bringing children from Indochina to America, where some adoptive parents had been waiting for two years, don't mention the fact that many of these children had American fathers. Criticism of the guilt motivation for adopting abandoned children is pernickety. We have a lot to be guilty about and a good way of expressing guilt, rather than repressing it, is to let it motivate something good.

True indeed that the big hoopla about operation babylift was rather shameful exploitation and window dressing. Good old generous, warm hearted patriotism. Where were our army planes during the past few years when American families who succeeded with agency help in getting through the red tape barriers to adopt Vietnamese children still had to pay sometimes exorbitant commercial air rates, cost of traveling care and a formidable combination of fringe expenses to bring them here?

We have heard a lot about end of an era during the past weeks. The war babies who have taken their places in American families are important to the beginning of a new one.

MARJORIE MURPHY

Mindszenty and Rome

Bronx, N.Y.

To the Editors: Bernard Bergonzi describes with insight the character of Cardinal Mindszenty in his "Memoirs of a Modern 'Martyr'" [June 6] and points out the distinctive qualities of the Cardinal's personality that prepare a man to be a hero or martyr. Even the enemies of Mindszenty cannot deny his courage and firmness, and he certainly deserves the respect of all decent men who care about freedom and human dignity.

It is unfortunate that his very character and firmness put him on a collision course with the Pope and his last days in life became thus saddened and embittered. It does not seem right, however, to accuse the Vatican of "duplicity" and "shabbiness" in its treatment of Mindszenty. Although the conditions of his safe-conduct, arrived at after prolonged negotiations, were not signed by him but by an official Vatican representative, Mindszenty had agreed to observe these conditions. His "Memoirs," unfortunately, are not complete in telling these details. The Vatican was embarrassed by his disregard of the conditions and was accused by the Hungarian government of breaking the agreement, and was consequently put at a great disadvantage in its negotiations for greater freedom of religious instruction in Hungary. It seems to me that the Pope, in spite of this embarrassment, acted discreetly in not publicly blaming Mindszenty for the difficulties he had caused.

ANDREW C. VARGA, S.J.
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